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STUDENT REVIEW

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SR art by Chris Delner

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Student Review is an independent student publication dedicated to serving Brigham Young University's campus community.

Student volunteers from all disciplines edit and manage Student Review; however, opinions expressed are those of individual authors and do not necessarily reflect views of the SR staff, BYU, or The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

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We invite all students to get involved with Student Review. Articles are welcome from anyone involved in the BYU campus community.

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Business Manager's Note:

The Numbers Game

EVERY WEEK HORDES of dedicated Student Review staffers spend hundreds of hours of donated time to produce the paper we all enjoy and sometimes take for granted. But aside from miscellaneous comments from friends or classmates praising or criticizing the content or the ideas of the paper, we have no real way of knowing just how we are doing, or just what you, our readers, think of the paper. How many people read SR? What are your favorite sections? What are your perceptions of the paper? What can we do better?

With these questions in mind, we conducted a survey at the beginning of November. We surveyed 359 randomly-selected BYU students, providing a 95% certainty with a 3% margin of error (dig out your old stats books, everyone, if you don't remember what that means). Here are the results:

We print 10,000 copies of *Student Review* every week, and every week SR is read by 13,267 students. (Many copies are read by more than one person.) In addition to this number, but not included in the survey, are non-students who read their roommates' copies or pick it up around Provo, BYU faculty and staff (including Rex E. Lee and John Stohlton), and subscribers. Thus, we estimate our weekly readership at approximately 15,000, though this number has not been, and probably cannot be statistically verified.

But our regular readership is even higher. Sixty percent of all BYU students, or 18,391, read SR at least once a month. (The *Daily Universe*, by contrast, has an 88% regular readership.) And 9,257 students faithfully read every single issue of SR (we appreciate your loyalty).

With over 40 stands throughout Provo, everyone picks up their copy of the *Review* at different locations, including local businesses and the stands around the perimeter of campus. A very important number is that nearly one fifth of all readers get their copy from a friend, meaning that SR has a high pass-along rate. Next time you pick up a copy from a stand, take an extra one and give it to a friend.

Amazingly enough, some students do not read *Student Review*. We asked these people why, and found that about 25% of them have never heard of SR. About half of these live in the dorms, which is understandable, since we are not allowed to distribute on campus. (Stands are accessible, however, to each of the on-campus housing developments. Harts serves the Helaman Halls population, Wymount and DT dwellers can pick up SR on the sidewalk west of DT along 9th East, and Heritage Halls residents can find it at Carson's.)

Others do not read it because it is inaccessible, which again is not surprising because we are not allowed to set up stands on campus and

many people drive to class and park beyond the range of our distribution system. In addition, stands empty quickly, and rarely are any papers left after Friday. To remedy this situation, beginning next January, we will print 12,000 copies each week (a 20% increase) and there should then be enough for all.

Others don't read SR because they find it boring, or don't like to read, or have heard nasty rumors about it, or just hate what we stand for. However, we will still continue to pray for the welfare of their souls.

We also asked our readers what sections of the paper they enjoyed reading most. Campus Life and Opinion received the most votes, with the Top 20 and Religion close behind (the Top 20 is actually a part of the Campus Life section, but since so many people mentioned it, we put it on the list). Every section made a respectable showing, and quite a few people said they liked them all.

Our survey is over, but we con-

tinue to accept constructive criticisms and suggestions for the further betterment of the paper. We are always interested in knowing what you like, what you dislike, and anything you think should be changed. Our phone lines are always open, and answering machines are standing by now, ready to record your comments.

What is in store for the future of *Student Review*? We hope, of course, for infinite growth and improvement. Remember that SR is produced by students for students, and it is because of you that we continue to prosper. We invite all to get involved, whether by writing, editing, selling ads, laying out, pasting up, designing, distributing, carrying out the multitude of other tasks that make the paper successful, or just reading it every week.

Allison Allgaier

Our Friends in Oulessebouyou

by Charlotte Smith

All of my life I have asked the question why? Why was I born where I was? Why was I born into the circumstances that I was? I feel incredibly blessed and yet at times, I feel helpless because I do not know how to help those who are less fortunate. Often, after watching a television program or reading an article on the third world, I feel overwhelmed at the need of my brothers and sisters around the world and I feel incapable of fulfilling their needs because I do not know where to begin. Sometimes, the programs that are advertised to aid these people do more harm than good, thus I feel cornered.

However, I have found a project that is truly making a difference in the lives of thousands, the Oulessebouyou Project directed out of the Salt Lake Community Center, with chapters at Weber State, Utah State, and the BYU. This project is a community to community relationship between the greater Salt Lake/Wasatch front area and Oulessebouyou, a small village region in Mali, Africa. Mali is one of the four poorest nations in the world with an annual per capita income of \$120. The life expectancy is forty-five years for women and forty-two for men. They have an infant mortality rate between 150 and 200 per 1,000 compared to 9 per thousand in Utah. Twenty percent of the infants die within the first year and forty percent of the children do not reach adolescence.

The Oulessebouyou Project emphasizes development: helping people to help themselves. Unlike one time gifts of food and relief, this is a long term project. Their goals are to provide the communities of Utah with an opportunity to help the starving people in the Oulessebouyou villages become self-reliant. Existing for four years, the Project has already done much for these villages. The money raised has provided clean water wells, medical assistance, and improved farming implements and techniques. Recently, two Salt Lake optometrists spent two weeks in Oulessebouyou examining the eyes of nearly two thousand Malians and providing treatment and glasses for those in need.

As a result of this personal interaction, there is a trusting friendship between the two communities. This differentiates it from other programs which tend to be characterized by impersonal development where no follow-through is required. This trust was demonstrated by a village patriarch in Oulessebouyou, when he said, "There was a time when the white man came and everyone had to hide. But now the world is changing in a good way. Life begins with the water you have helped give us. Now I can die a very happy man because I know you are our friends."

Sometimes people resist helping others who are far away because they feel that their resources are too limited to waste on strangers. However, we must realize that these strangers are our brothers and sisters and we have an obligation to aid them in their struggle against famine. Perhaps we will never know why we were born where we were, but we should do everything in our power to alleviate the suffering of the less fortunate. Lowell Bennion summed it up best by saying, "If we refuse to assist because there is so much to be done, and if we ignore starvation, because it is just outside our boundaries, then we commit a horrible moral sin against our African brothers and sisters. We help because we must." Through the BYU Oulessebouyou chapter, I have been given the privilege to help in my own small way.

Letters to the Editor

To one skinny, balding, Canadian editor:

My fellow Cancerians and I are concerned at the seeming lack of lunar influence in our lives. Are we to dwindle with no direction from those illuminating constellations that fill the sky and our lives with light and hope? What was the cause of this unsettling disturbance? Did you just forget? Was the forecast too terrifying to print, even off-campus? Please, I really need to know if I should avoid the twelfth floor of the Kimball tower on Wednesdays, or watch out for the imposter girl scouts selling rum fudge brownies in pink cellophane.

R. L. Christensen

Dear Editor:

"...Deviant, immoral and perhaps dangerous..."? *Rainman*? Surely Sharon McGovern saw an entirely different film than the *Rainman* I saw.

First, the film's hero is Raymond (Rainman), as the title implies—not Charlie Babbitt. Charlie isn't the most charming man ever,—and in the beginning of the film, his intentions are not so honorable. And yes, Charlie elicits Raymond's unusual talent to help him "count cards" at a blackjack table in Las Vegas. How-

ever, the Charlie Babbitt who escorts his brother to the train and tells Ray he's his "main man" is not the same Charlie from the beginning of the film.

Be reminded that by the end of the film, Charlie is interested only in knowing his brother—having a relationship with him. Charlie defends Ray during an interview with a psychiatrist—who insists, by the way, that Raymond be returned to Walbrook (the institution). Charlie is not happy with that decision but realizes that under the circumstances he is powerless to fight it. Finally, although the doctor in charge of Ray's trust account offers Charlie a very substantial sum of money to go away and forget Raymond, Charlie does not accept the money, even though the money is offered no strings attached.

This is a film about the beginning of a relationship between two very different brothers. It serves as a poignant reminder that no matter what a person's past, love is the medicine that helps heal pain and closes distances.

Ms. McGovern's sanctimonious attitude is one that is all too prevalent in our "Happy Valley" society today. It's distressing to me to know that so many people are so im-

Lisa Paulson Cooper

RELIGION

Reflections on the Restored Gospel

Epiphanies on Ownership and Stewardship

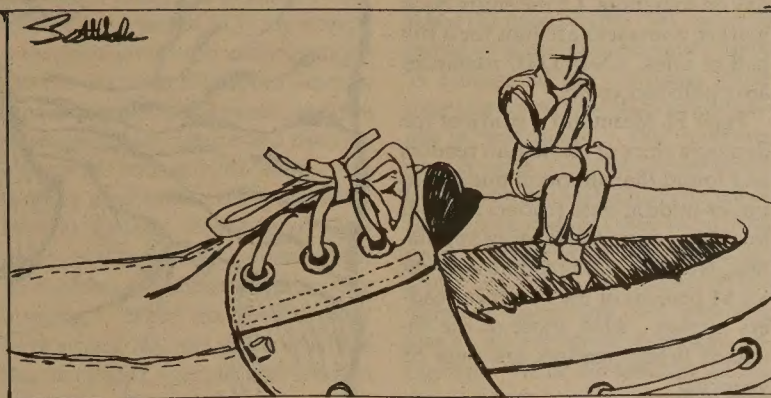
by BJ Fogg

LAST WEEK I enjoyed an epiphany. I was studying outside the Maeser building, savoring the warm fall weather. When I looked up for a moment from my reading, it happened.

I felt a wave wash over me (something like a head rush, only faster and more subtle), and then for a brief moment I saw everything around me in a new light: My backpack sitting next to me was no longer *my* backpack; it was just *a* backpack that I happened to be using. My shoes were no longer *my* shoes; they were just *some* shoes that happened to fit and protect my feet. The book I held wasn't mine either; it seemed just a passing friend who could share strands of knowledge before departing.

My whole paradigm changed during that brief moment—maybe just two seconds long. I had the overwhelming feeling that I didn't own anything; I was simply a temporary user, a borrower, a steward. And then the feeling left.

Although my epiphany was dramatic, it was not unsettling. That experience, which is becoming more difficult to remember clearly, filled me with relief.



Epiphany: An intuitive grasp of reality achieved in a quick flash of recognition in which something, usually simple and commonplace, is seen in a new light.

The nearest I can describe this sense of comfort is through another experience. One snowy weekend a few years ago I borrowed my father's parka. To me the coat seemed incredibly warm, not just because it was filled with goose down, but because it was my dad's coat; that somehow made it warmer. The oversized parka seemed to be a pillow that engulfed me, protected me, reassured me. That same sort of feeling swept over me in my epiphany.

That night I told my roommate Paco about my experience outside

the Maeser building. When I finished he said, "Well, isn't that the way things are supposed to be?"

Of course. Nothing is really ours. We are not truly owners. We have no personal possessions. Everything is on loan from God. We are simply temporary stewards of his creations.

These things are easy to say but hard to really feel. Sure, I can roll that stewardship idea through my brain and then spout it from the back row in Sunday School or type it onto my computer screen. Yet the challenge is to synthesize stewardship into my heart, to have this concept

permanently change the way I think about the things around me, things as simple as backpacks, shoes, or books.

Our western mentality exalts personal ownership. Material things often become symbols of who we are; people often perceive us in terms of our possession (the guy with the Beemer, the woman in the pearls). But my epiphany made me reevaluate. In the last few days I've thought about whether I care *about* things, or whether I care *for* things, or both.

To care *about* something is to be personally involved with it, to see that object—be it a sweater or a diamond ring—as part of you. Most people would immediately deny this. But ask yourself this: Has there been a time when you've lost or ruined something and you felt as if you had lost a part of your life, part of your identity?

I have.

ON MY MISSION I was assigned to work in a small village in the Peruvian Amazon. While there I bought a bow and arrow set made by a jungle tribe. It cost only five dollars, but I really liked it. At the end of my mission, I packed it home carefully and put it on a shelf in my bedroom. A few years later I noticed that it was falling apart. Moths had eaten the beautiful tropical bird feathers on the arrows. They were ruined.

I grieved; I could never replace the arrows. And it was hard to throw them away because they seemed to symbolize an important time in my life, a part of me. But then these words came to mind:

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and thieves do not break through nor steal: For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

I had brought home a treasure

from Peru, a treasure that moths literally destroyed. Epiphany. I then asked myself an embarrassing question: Had I cared more about the disintegration of those jungle arrow feathers than the growing inactivity of the jungle families I baptized? I hoped not. But I had indeed cared *about* the arrows. I had developed damaging pride in ownership.

Although caring *about* is destructive, caring *for* is a different matter. Good stewards care *for* their charges, without making those charges part of themselves. An example: Suppose that, through the grace of God, I'm able to buy a new car. Waxing the paint, changing the oil, and vacuuming the upholstery would extend the useful life of the car. That's good. I'm caring *for*. (However, if I begin to see the car as an extension of myself, as something I'm proud of, that's bad. I'm caring *about*.)

Of course, there are limits to how much I should care for things. If I were to wax my car every day, then something would be wrong. There is a point when the things of this world are sufficiently cared *for* and I need to get on with the real work of building the kingdom (which may well include both caring *about* and caring *for* the people around me).

However, I believe my outward actions may reveal little about my inner attitude. Only I will really know when I wax my car, shine my shoes, or clean my electric razor if I'm caring *for* them as a steward or caring *about* them as an owner. This makes judging others' attitudes so impossible but personal hypocrisy so easy.

My epiphanies have given me a good way to judge my own gratitude for God's generosity: I can honestly examine how I view the things He has loaned me. When I assume ownership and care *about*, I deny His goodness and exalt myself. When I acknowledge stewardship and care *for*, I recognize His hand that touches even the little things, like backpacks, shoes, and books.

Learning to Laugh at Ourselves: Mormon Folklore

by Ken Meyer

HOW MANY THREE Nephite stories do you know? Missionary battle tales? Mormon jokes? We all know a few. A few weeks ago a sacrament meeting speaker loosened the air with a Mormon joke. He said most people know that when you play hard rock backwards you get satanic messages. But what do you get when you play Mormon Tabernacle Choir backwards? Cookie recipes.

Do Mormon jokes merit research? According to Professor William A. Wilson, this year's recipient of the Karl G. Maeser Distinguished Scholar award, the answer is yes. Professor Wilson has devoted a great deal of study to what is known as Mormon Folklore. Most of his entertaining and insightful writings can be found in the Lee Library.

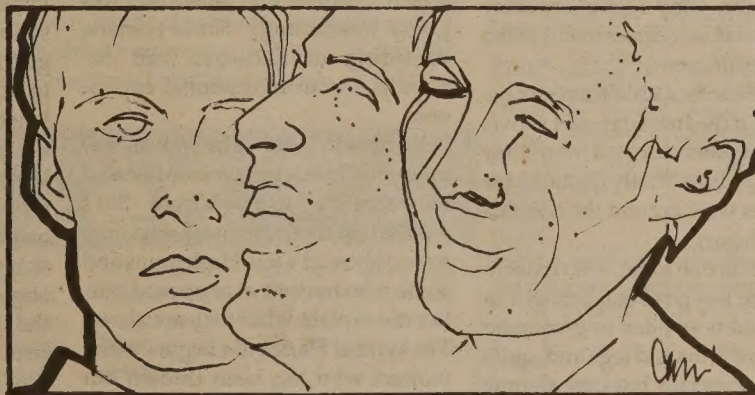
Being a returned-missionary, I enjoyed Wilson's article, "On Being Human: The Folklore of Mormon Missionaries." In this article, Wilson suggests four uses that missionaries make of folklore.

First, missionaries use folklore to create a sense of solidarity amongst themselves. In this spirit, new missionaries are often initiated into the "group" by pranks. Wilson relates how in "London, England, new missionaries were

told to save their bus-ticket stubs for a half-penny rebate per ticket. The greenies saved drawers full of these — some, following instruction, even ironed them — only to learn later that they were totally worthless."

Second, missionaries use folklore to deflate the pressure of submitting to mission rules. Missionaries tell with enthusiasm stories of daring missionaries who have fun breaking mission rules. Most do not approve of such missionaries but enjoy the stories about things that they would like to do if it wasn't against the rules. According to Wilson, in such stories "missionaries enter a sporting event against mission rules — a surfing contest, an auto race, a ski race, a bronco ride — and win. They are photographed; the pictures are published by the press; and the mission president sees them."

Third, missionaries use folklore to make



SR art by Cassie Christensen

other missionaries conform to mission rules. Such tales usually do not provoke laughter, but are told in dead seriousness. One such story is of a missionary with a broken arm who goes to a preacher of another faith to be healed. The missionary is surprised that he is, in fact, healed. Later he reports the incident to his mission president who tells him the healing was done by an evil spirit. The mission president then rebreaks the missionary's arm by casting out the evil spirit and heals it with the power of the priesthood.

Fourth, missionaries use folklore to convince themselves that "in spite of massive

evidence to the contrary, they may eventually emerge victorious." This victory may be found in baptizing converts, or in cleverly putting down hecklers. One of the stories Wilson cites shows how two missionaries gain a victory over a Protestant minister. It goes like this:

He said, "Gentlemen, I have here a glass of poison. If you will drink this poison and remain alive, I will join your church, not only myself, but my entire congregation." And he said, "If you won't drink this poison, well, then I'll conclude that you are false ministers of the gospel, because surely your Lord won't let you perish." And so this put the missionaries in a kind of a bind, and they went off in a corner and got their heads together, and they thought, "What on earth are we going to do?" So finally, after they decided, they went back over and approached the minister and said, "Tell you what — we've got a plan." They said, "You drink the poison, and we'll raise you from the dead."

This is entertaining to read, but Wilson's point is that it serves a purpose as well. It gives missionaries a feeling that they are on the winning side, that the enemy does not always win. And if it can do that, however humorous or unlikely, Mormon Folklore deserves respect.

ISSUES

Impressions of the Holy Land

by David Harris

TWO WEEKS IN Galilee! We looked forward to this ever since we arrived in the Holy Land. We spend our days on the road investigating Capernaum, Caesarea Philippi, the Mount of Transfiguration, and other sights of New Testament importance. It's thrilling to study the life of Christ in a place where Christ lived and taught.

Each day we return to the kibbutz in the late afternoon and study or take a swim. Later, after a pretty good dinner, we watch as the sky spills out deep orange embers all over the blue Sea of Galilee. The same blistering conflagration that has been charring the landscape since dawn is tempered now with dark shades of dusk. Filtered through the moisture in the clouds, the evening sun gives off a softer light that rinses away the brutal heat of the day. The faded desert flora, bleached and wilted from the harsh sunlight, thrives on these soothing sunset coals, taking on deep green tropical tones for a few short moments before the night sets in.

It gets dark quickly. A faint breeze stirs, and I breathe deep in an attempt to capture and hold the brief flashes of similar nights long ago that flutter through the air all around me. The moon shining through the palms gets some of us in the mood for a late-night swim in the lake. The water is warm, but there are a few cold spots here and there. In some of our quieter moments, we can hear the other students singing around the campfire that burns far away in the distance on the sand. The lights of Tiberias beckon to us from the opposite shore, and the silent sea broods heavily all around us in this strange, mystical darkness.

It's the beginning of summer, and love is in the air. There are three Israeli girls staying in the trailer next to ours. We've been watching them all afternoon. The dark one is Sephardic, probably from North Africa. She is gorgeous. After our swim, Charles goes over to visit them in their trailer. It takes us a little longer to get up the nerve, and by the time we arrive, he is sitting between two of them on the couch engaged in a long conversation. He flashes us a grin. Being BYU students abroad is kind of like being missionaries. You have to watch out for each other.

Anyway, we stick around for awhile and get into a discussion. The topic of conversation turns briefly to the Intifadah. We are careful not to dwell on this too long, because we've been asked, as students, not to take sides. Someone brings up the Israeli Defense Forces. They are pleased to inform us that they will be conscripted soon. "The Israeli Army makes a man out of you," they tell us. I think about my own experiences in the U.S. Army and the many opportunities I had to make myself a man, and I'm grateful that I had the good sense not to partake in most instances. Why does every army desensitize its soldiers in this way? Because this makes it easier to kill when the time comes. I guess the Army of Israel is no different.

A few weeks later, we are in Ramallah in the West Bank. We have come to tour an Arab hospital. A doctor talks to us about the Intifadah and shows us a collection of the plastic-covered lead balls and other assorted items they have pulled out of people, mostly teenagers. He lectures briefly on medicine in the West Bank and then dismisses us and lets us walk around the hospital and speak with some of the patients before we depart.

Most of the people are in pretty good spirits, but in one room, a seventeen-year-old boy is lying on the bed unconscious. He has just been brought in with a rubber bullet lodged in his brain. His head is swollen to grotesque proportions. He has permanently lost the use of his arms and legs and, quite likely, his mind. What has happened? They are not certain, but they assume he was probably caught throwing stones.

As we exit the room, we see a woman standing in the hallway weeping. I am stunned. We file quickly past, trying not to look in her direction. I want to tell her I'm sorry about her son, but this is no time for that. Our being here now as American tourists somehow transforms the whole place into a zoo or a carnival fun house. The Arabs lining the hallway look at us curiously but with no malice. Still, I can feel the burning of the evil eye as it stings my face. I can't wait to get out the front door, because I know it will be all over then. I hate myself for feeling that way.

Two months later, Charles and I are on our way back to Jerusalem from Nazareth where we have been visiting friends. It's a straight shot through the West Bank, but we have to make a few transfers along the way. The Israelis call this area Samaria. It's the same Samaria the Jews avoided like the

please see **Holy Land** next page

Who Reads Romances and Why

by Mette Marie Ivie

RECENTLY, SERIOUS ATTENTION has been paid to Harlequin romances. Books on the "aesthetics," if they can be called that, of Harlequins have emerged. But more than anything else, critics have tried to discover why so many women in so many walks of life read Harlequins (and other mass-produced series romances) regularly.

John Markert estimates that over 25 million women read Harlequins regularly, and these women spend an average of \$1.5 million dollars per day on romances. Of the entire book market, romances account for a full half of sales. Over 1,000 romances are published yearly.

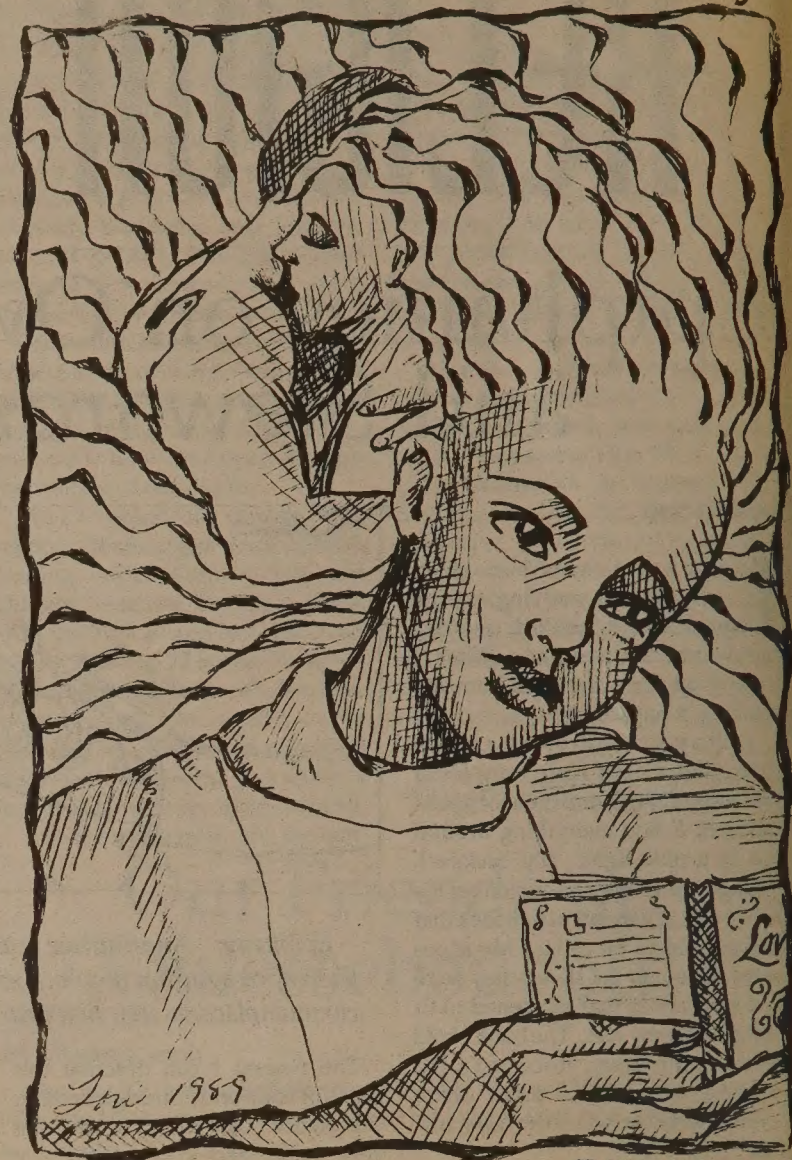
Peter H. Mann did a study of the demographics of Harlequin readers and found that although middle- to upper-middle class readers account for 67 percent of the reading population, working class readers account for 61 percent of the romance-readers market. Also, most of the romance fiction readers are over 55 years old.

Jane Radway, however, argues that romance readers are no different than the rest of the population. According to Radway, Harlequin readership distribution in age, class, and occupation is not significantly different than that of the national population. But housewives do tend to read more romance fiction than do working women, Radway noted.

Why are so many romance novels being sold? What is it that attracts women readers to a formulaic fiction with little aesthetic or intelligence requirements? Juliette Woodruff argues that the adolescent in each of us is attracted to the Harlequin romance because it is mindless. Not only is it escape literature, it doesn't require any real action. The world seems easy in these books, and we find such a clear-cut way of life attractive.

Radway argues that, in general, the romance reader reads simply as a cheap form of entertainment—one which children and husbands feel guilty interrupting. Some readers, according to Radway, read romances for an educational experience.

I myself read Harlequin romances. I have even written one and have sent it off to a publisher. But I realize that there are those who may have only read a few Harlequins and some who haven't ever opened one. Let me explain what they are about. The typical Harlequin begins with a woman who has been thrown out into the world. Much like the typical Victorian romance, the Harlequin woman must learn to survive on her own. Though the seventies novel tends to depict the "shivering, young" waif type, the eighties tends to lean more toward a woman who, because of the death of her parents or her husband, must enter the work force to compete. Of course, the woman never really wants to be a working woman and by the end of the novel gives up her job (though not always) for the happier occupation of raising a family.



SR Art by Lori Nelson

The variations on these plots can go from the most inane (those dealing with nurse and doctor or any including a Spanish, Portugese, or French male) to the mildly interesting (woman detective meets man she is investigating and is more physically powerful than he, or the new surrogate/artificial insemination stories).

Aside from the basic plot structure, Harlequins have some very interesting imagery which remains surprisingly constant. For example, the woman as domestic heroine is a frequent image. This may seem obvious, but the way Harlequins describe the woman as a domestic goddess is interesting. For example, in *Love and Lavender* by Muriel Jensen, the man enters the heroine's kitchen to find it "a mad scientist's laboratory: the jars were so uniformly spaced and so carefully labeled. Onions and garlics hung on a string by an open window, and a large metal bucket of berries stood in the corner . . . Its natural warmth reminded him of his childhood." Or Kay Clifford's *A Recipe for Love* in which the heroine has agreed to give cooking lessons to the hero, who is "all fingers and thumbs. Toes too," while her kitchen is a supreme example of hominess. And who can forget *Final Score* by Jennifer Taylor? In this story, the hero actually rates women of a scale from one to ten on their domestic qualities, and doesn't propose to the heroine until he has determined her suitability.

Another favorite theme is that of woman as spiritual redemptress. Inevitably, the male in the Harlequin romance is embittered by past mar-

riages, an inadequate mother, or the fact that he simply can not see any motherly warmth in women. In *Love Letters* by Elise Title, the hero writes to the heroine for years and they never meet. Only to the heroine can the hero admit that, ever since his mother's death, he and his father have not been able to show any natural affection for one another. Not only does the heroine in this story show the hero what romantic love can be like, but she also teaches him to love his father again. *Only My Dreams* by Rowan Kirby tells the story of a cynical professor who tries to tell his student that Yeats was not romantic. Along with teaching her man about love in concrete terms, Erinna teaches him about abstract romanticism.

This is not to say that Harlequins fully accept the woman as passive, submissive, and loving—but definitely not aggressive. Harlequins are beginning more and more to portray women who are aggressive in the business world and do not give this up simply because they are married. Women are increasingly shown as being sexually aggressive in Harlequins.

So if you, too, read Harlequin romances, don't be ashamed any longer. Proudly display those tantalizing covers and defend your favorite genre. And if nothing else, now that you have the formula down, write one of your own. You can earn up to forty thousand dollars per book. That will pay for a lot of college at BYU!

Mette has written her own romance. Really.

Problems With Patriotism

by Tom Hafen

AS ELKE WALKED ACROSS CAMPUS one morning a few weeks ago, she noticed BYU students around her stopping (and they weren't stopping to chat with a friend or to avoid being hit by a grounds crew vehicle). No, they paused and faced north with their hands over their hearts with an almost reverent attitude. In the background, a foreign song was playing. Elke thought of certain Moslem prayer rituals and wondered if BYU had gone crazy.

A student next to Elke explained that the American flag was being raised and that the song being played was the Star Spangled Banner. Puzzled, Elke continued walking. As a native of the Federal Republic of Germany, she naturally felt no need to show allegiance to the flag of the United States. Such a display of patriotism rarely occurred in her own country.

When Hitler rose to power in the 1930s, Elke says, he stressed a nationalistic theme in order to obtain political power. As the Nazi party increased its hold on the govern-

ment, natural sparks of patriotism were fanned by Hitler's speeches and propaganda. The national song "Deutschland über alles," the flag, and any show of patriotism became strongly associated with Hitler and the Nazis. After the Second World War, the patriotism Hitler had carefully cultivated was gone and horror at what had been done in the name of patriotism.

Though today the people of Germany can be proud of many things, their pride is cultural and not political. For example, Elke loves German bread, chocolate, and music, and she is proud of her culture and the rich history of thousands of years. But there is now little overt patriotism for the Federal Republic of Germany, no Pledge of Allegiance, and no controversy about what the flag burning. Since the people don't have strong feelings about what the flag stands for, there is little sense in burning it. The national song is so associated with the World War II that only the last verse is sung at sporting and political events. People are afraid of standing up and saying "I

love Germany."

This difference in attitude has even been scientifically documented. In her book, *Was ist heute Deutsch?* Helga Pross explains that the values of Germans and Americans do not differ in many respects. When surveyed, a representative sample of citizens listed marriage, family, health, wealth, and independence as being most important to them. However, when the survey asked the people what they could be proud of in their own country, only 35 percent of the Germans listed their government or democratic values in first place. This contrasts sharply with a similar survey in the United States, in which 85 percent of Americans said that they were most proud of their government and national freedoms. Obviously, BYU's show of patriotism that morning was an expression of American patriotism. While the feelings are traditional here, they are not shared by the German people who see patriotism as dangerous. So if Elke looks puzzled, she has her reasons.

Holy Land from page 4

plague at the time of Christ. Nowadays Israel is busy settling it, basing her claims on scriptures from the Bible.

We have just arrived in Nablus, one of the hot spots of the Intifadah. It's still early and there are several people out on the streets. It's a beautiful day. Israeli soldiers patrol the streets in jeeps, but we're used to that after six months. The atmosphere is quite peaceful, but underneath it all there runs a sinister thread like the long, drawn out bass notes in a movie that foreshadow coming horror. We decide to take a look around while we wait for the next taxi. Everyone is very friendly. A baker invites us into his shop and gives us a plate loaded with some of the best baklava and kanaafa I've ever tasted. We sit and chat with his apprentices while we eat. They ask us questions about how we like it here. Then we thank them and move on.

Further along, we stop and ask some street vendors for directions. They inform us that we are in the famed Alley of the Martyrs, where pictures of the young heroes who have died in the violence are displayed. (The sinister music is becoming more intense now.) They ask us where we are from. We smile and say, "America." One of the vendors explodes with anger. In broken English he curses us at the top of his voice. We cringe to hear our sins recounted in front of all these people in such revealing language, not realizing for the moment that it just sounds more revealing because it's our native language we're hearing after having strained to communicate in Arabic all day. "America bad country!" The words strike with the force of blows. "America send money and guns so Israel can kill children! America bad!" The other vendors smile at us apologetically, but he speaks the truth and we all know it. Our government asks Israel to stop building settlements in the occupied territories and they refuse. But that doesn't stop us from sending them five billion dollars a year in aid. We protest their closing Palestinian schools, but still the money pours in.

We return to the station visibly shaken, but relieved to be leaving this eerie place. Many Palestinian residents and Israeli soldiers are not so lucky.

Three days later, I'm saying goodbye to my Holyland experience. Abu Dahood, a Palestinian guard who had become a friend, comes over to say goodbye and puts his arms around each of us. I think about the first few times we had talked out in the guard booth until early in the morning, my not understanding very well, and his patiently and loudly repeating himself in that gruff voice of his until I had finally grasped some small point he was trying to make. I think about the times he and countless others had invited us into their homes and fed us like kings. I think about the El-Alami family that attended our talent shows and on whose veranda we had spent many a night playing ping-pong and laughing at each others' silly jokes and stories. Here is the end staring me right in the face, and I stand and weep for the people of Palestine as the driver honks impatiently.

Sign Language at BYU

by Sarah Silver

THOUGH AMERICAN SIGN Language has only existed in its present form for the past fifteen or twenty years, it has already become a distinct language with its own terminology and culture. Minne May Wilknis-Diaz, a part-time ASL teacher here and a native ASL user, remarked that this language has the potential to "give a whole new perspective on how space can be used" to communicate.

With such a powerful new approach to communication, many can't understand why BYU does not allow ASL credits to fill the General Education foreign language requirement.


Many misconceptions have arisen regarding this issue, mostly due to a misunderstanding of the foreign language requirement" itself. This requirement, according to the BYU catalogue, is to reach a fourth semester "university level literature, reading, or history [course] . . . taught in the foreign language." Courses in conversation and grammar are prerequi-

sites, but are not sufficient.

Alan Keele, Associate Dean of Honors and General Education, mentioned the potential use of ASL in sociology, special education and linguistics, citing this as the reason that other universities consider ASL as a foreign language. Ironically, these universities do not actually teach ASL, while BYU does.

These colleges also accept ASL for entrance or department language requirements. A class using ASL in this manner would undoubtedly be valuable, but there are no professors at BYU with the background, capability, or willingness to teach such a class. Efforts to locate such a professor have been fruitless.

Creating such a program at BYU would require much more than simply wishing it into being. Spots for full-time ASL professors would also have to come from other departments which are currently unwilling to give up the few spots they have for scholars from their own fields of study.

 **COUGAR CABLE CHANNEL**

Channel 8 at BYU Channel 24 on TCI Channel 40 on Insight

TIME	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY	TUESDAY
8:30a	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT
9:00a	The New Literacy	The New Literacy	The New Literacy	BYU SPORTS WOMEN'S VOLLEYBALL	The New Literacy	The New Literacy
9:30a	Economics U.S.A.	Economics U.S.A.	Computerworks	BYU vs. UTAH	Computerworks	Economics U.S.A.
10:00a	Business of Management	Against All Odds	Against All Odds		Against All Odds	Against All Odds
10:30a	For all Practical Purposes	For all Practical Purposes	For all Practical Purposes		For all Practical Purposes	For all Practical Purposes
11:00a	Business and the Law	Business and the Law	Business and the Law		Business and the Law	Business and the Law
11:30a	Focus on Society	Business of Management	Focus on Society		Focus on Society	Business of Management
12:00n	Faces of Culture	The Business File	Faces of Culture	Saturday Cinema	Faces of Culture	The Business File
12:30p	American Adventure	Focus on Society	American Adventure		American Adventure	American Adventure
1:00p	The Write Course	Faces of Culture	Economics U.S.A.		The Write Course	This is the Life
1:30p	Here's to your Health	This is the Life	Here's to your Health		Here's to your Health	Here's to your Health
2:00p	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT
2:30p						
3:00p						
3:30p						
4:00p	NewsBeat	NewsBeat	NewsBeat		NewsBeat	NewsBeat
4:30p	BYU SPORTS: SOCCER	BYU SPORTS: JV FOOTBALL	BYU SPORTS: JV FOOTBALL		BYU SPORTS: WOMEN'S VOLLEYBALL	BYU SPORTS: WOMEN'S VOLLEYBALL
5:00p	BYU vs. UTAH	BYU vs. SNOW	BYU vs. SNOW		BYU vs. Colorado State	BYU vs. Colorado State
5:30p						
6:00p						
6:30p	Gillette World Sports	Japan Today Weekly/ Let's Learn Japanese	Hello Austria Hello Vienna		South Africa Now	Dance Connection
7:00p	IN STYLE WITH JACQUES		Euro. Business Weekly		Inside South Africa	Classic Movie
7:30p	Looking East	Business Nippon	Classic Movie		FISHING TEXAS	
8:00p	TBA	Classic Movie			Outdoor Sportsman	
8:30p	TBA				Canadian Sportfishing	
9:00p	Reggie Strong				Twin Star	France Today (French)
9:30p	Gillette World Sports		Outdoor Life		South Africa Now	
10:00p	INFOTEXT UNTIL 9:00A	INFOTEXT UNTIL 9:00A	INFOTEXT UNTIL 9:00A		INFOTEXT UNTIL 9:00A	INFOTEXT UNTIL 9:00A

Classified

Job Opportunity

Need a break? Professional Families in Washington D.C. suburbs seek live-in nannies. For personalized placement and top pay, call Nanny's Care Inc. Local rep. Mirinda (801) 261-5184.

Services Available

Need a Haircut? Stop by apt. 333 at Raintree for a quality \$4 haircut! Ask for Amy.

For Sale

Beautiful white wedding gown with matching hat. Gown is size 7 - a real must see. Please call Pat 8-4:30 pm (227-7308 wk#). Asking \$300 for set.

Need Privacy? Tired of parking problems on campus? Then buy my contract. Private bedroom; across street from campus; W/D, DW, MW. Call Shawna at 375-7042 afternoons/eves if interested.
Girl's winter contract-cute house- \$105/mo. incl. util. MW, W/D Close to Y- Call 375-0787 or 224-0317.
4-Sale: 1 girl's winter contract. PROMENADE> 3 floor town house. Private bedroom, W/D, Piano, near campus (761 N 900E #20) covered park. MOST X-CELLENT DUDES. Call Lisa at 377-1135.
Male Contract for Sale. Cute girls in ward. A2 to 1 ratio of girls to guys. \$140/mo. Clem 374-2857.
Share an apartment but have a private bedroom. 2 women's contracts for sale \$140/mo+. DW, W/D. Call 373-5926 or 375-1207. Michele or Jaean.

Contract for sale: girl's prvt. rm. Branbury Apts. 180/mo.+ util. You keep deposit (\$150) Avail. immed. Call Christine after 10 pm. 375-5903. Leave message.

For Rent

Killer Twister Game for rent!!! Largest game in Utah! - will hold over 250 people and loads-o-fun!! - a must do! 377-FAME-Fogger

Announcements

Fine Young Capitalists meetings every Thurs. at 7pm. We make group investments and form task teams for business ventures. For more info. call Brian 375-0903 or Martin 374-7389.

CAMPUS LIFE

Fred Flintstone, Prehistoric Prophet

by Jeff Unze

I STARTED MY LIFE as all men do, a diminutive waif yearning, nay, craving knowledge. My voracious curiosity led me, like the bottle leads the hopeless drunkard, on a desperate, self-destructive search. Life was a constant journey into strange addiction. I visited the church of every Christian denomination to find wisdom. When this proved unsatisfying, I turned to the Buddhists, the Hare Krishnas, the Hindus, even the backmasked messages of Led Zeppelin albums. All of my inquiries failed me, and I was left merely with a sense of Socratic superiority. Granted, I knew nothing, but at least I knew I knew nothing, and therefore knew more than the average man. Then, while watching cable television during the late afternoon I found a new teacher, a man of vast experience and wisdom who became my guru, my teacher, my savior. He dressed like no other man, in an orange tunic and a cobalt-blue power tie, yet his aura shone

around him, accentuating his great persona and declaring Fred Flintstone a modern stone age Oracle of Delphi.

Fred Flintstone isn't an unapproachable sage who hides in the mountains' snowy solitude; his wisdom is ultra-pragmatic. Master Fred teaches by living in the secular world and encountering all of life's dilemmas. He tilts the dragons of oppression and hardship in a surrealistic world where struggle is paramount, yet understated. In this Marxian battlefield, known as Bedrock, class lines run deep. The wicked Mr. Slate and his thieving robber baron ilk represent the bourgeoisie who rape the labor force of pride and dignity by preying on the fear of unemployment. Fred and Barney are the hard working labor class who are cheated of the rightful fruits of their labor and sent home with barely enough to keep their families in Brontasau-

rus Burgers.

Though the workers voice an occasional grumbling or complaint, they are stripped of their anger by a prehistoric opiate for the masses—the Waterbuffalo Lodge, a brotherhood that rewards quiet submission and successfully quells opposition with elections to minor administrative posts and an occasional opportunity to judge a beauty pageant. Though Fred belongs to the Lodge, he does not fall victim to its anaesthesia; he is one who rages against the establishment. In several episodes, Fred put his employment status in jeopardy to voice his opinion, sometimes losing his job, but never his pride. It was Flintstone, long before I heard of Martin Luther King or Gandhi, who taught me to stand up for what I believe, no matter what the consequences.

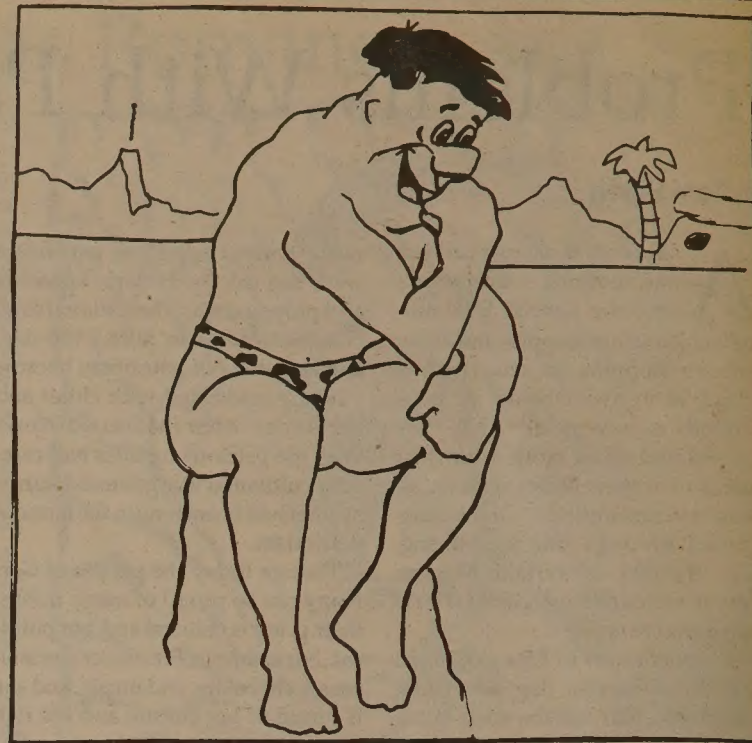
Fred's home is also an arena of ugly confrontation. On the surface his residence is one of peace and tranquility, shared by the loving and beautiful Wilma, the exuberant, darling

Pebbles, and the overzealously affectionate Dino. Upon closer inspection, the Flintstone domicile is seen for what it truly is, a front line in the battle of the sexes, in which the she-devil Wilma and her scheming compatriot Betty constantly strive to dominate their loving men, tear down traditional sex-roles, and make Fred and Barney's lives a living hell. So encompassing is Wilma's stubbornness that only after Fred wins a fight will "that cat stay out for the night." Many men would crack under such extreme marital pressure, but not Fred. My barefooted bellwether handles his domestic problems with as much skill and tact as the slickest diplomat, showing the world that every problem is salvable with a little affection and a heartfelt apology. Perhaps if more of the populace saw the tender moments of Fred and Wilma's resolutions, there wouldn't be a fifty-percent divorce rate in our

nation.

Ultimately it is Flintstone's spirit and his love of life that make him one of the greatest masters of all time. His environment is a muddled quagmire of hurt, pain and conflict, but Fred prides himself on rising above the petty, the ugly. He struggles through the bad and looks for the good and enjoyable, rejoicing in league night at the bowling alley, camping trips, and quality time with Pebbles and Dino. He handles problems, the scope of which seems unfathomable to his epoch, in a fashion far more polished and effective than the wisest men of our time. Fred is a man whose motto "Yabba, Dabba, Doo" is a joy-filled phrase that breathes of his strong embrace of life's goodness.

Jeff can be found every Saturday morning in a rumpled heap lamenting the sorry state of today's cartoons.



SR Art by Heather Hajek

Eavesdropper

Thursday November 8 7:50 pm. Fourth floor HBLL.

Emphatic elderly priesthood holder to fifteenish local riffraff: "Are you the young man who dropped his pants and exposed himself to my wife?!"

Thursday November 8 8:24 pm. third floor HBLL.

Image conscious male librarian to sultry female librarian: "These are the kind of isolated incidents that off-campus sources get a hold of and blow out of proportion."

October 8 . Dinnertime at the Cannon Center

One marriage oriented freshman to another: "Why do I have to take all that stupid GE when I'm just here to get out of the house and find a guy?"

Friend: "Yeah, like when I'm having a family Biology 100 is going to help me. It's so stupid."

October 31 9:15 pm. Deseret Towers

Freshman girl to friend who is dressed as East L.A. "cholo" (complete with hair net and bandana): "Ron, what are you dressed as?"

Ron's pal: "He's a cholo."

Girl: "I thought he looked like the guy from Stand and Deliver"

Pal: "Yeah, that's a 'cholo'"

Girl: "Oh, I didn't know his name."

Scraps

— The November 14 issue of *The Universe* informed us that "E. Germany opens borders." Incredibly, while the rest of the world was concentrating on that border thing, *The Universe* found the real story. We at the *Review* applaud E. Germany in its progressive treatment of renters, and challenge all lovers of democracy to show their support and rent a room in E. Berlin.

— President Lee's son, who is a fledgling member of CDU (sometimes known as "Chicks Dig Us"), recently held a gala party *chez* Lee. One source reports that it was "a rockin'" affair. Whether or not it is coincidence that the party took place while Rex was out of town is still up for debate.

— Update on that group of nutty youth who did push-ups in the endzone every time BYU scored a touchdown at the Air Force game. If you recall they were escorted off the field by security, not to be seen again during the game. Apparently they were dealt with by the caring staff at standards and informed that future incidents of that nature would be grounds for expulsion from the University. I think we will all sleep sounder knowing that this group of calisthenic criminals has been apprehended.

Note: All those with an ear to the ground and a shoulder to the wheel, please feel free to submit any scraps, eavesdroppers, etc. send them top the Student Review drop box at 1102 JKHB.

BYU Personals

Charming, slightly balding R.M. needs a woman fond of Twister, continental shaped birthmarks, *Green Acres*, and submission. Has not been out since he's been home. Promises not to condescend, show improper affection or slides. Call Le Grande at 374-IDHO.

Do you like snakes? I do. Phone Jake at 378-CHIL

Electrical Engineering/Piano Performance senior, RM from Japan with a 3.97 GPA, leadership abilities, organizational skills, high-paying job lined up for after graduation and a nifty, super leather-bound Franklin Planner seeks feminine companionship. FAX resume to 374-9166.

Single, charming, intelligent (people say I'm beautiful, too) and modest female international lawyer with spacious condo/cabin in Park City seeks insecure R.M. with a lisp from a rural setting. Call Erica at 377-LIPS

Adonis-like Polynesian who looks great in a grass skirt seeks eight cow woman. Call Johnny at 378-2222.

Enter the English Department Writing Contests

- cash prizes
- rules & details, English Department, 3146JKHB
- deadline 15 February 1990

Flypaper

by Jill Place

I HAVE MANY ALTER egos," he told me, "and I black out when they take over my body. I either turn into 'Aunt Mabel' or a big, blue fly."

"What do you do when you're a fly?"

"I jump up on people and choke them."

"Have you ever found yourself sucking on things on the front lawn?"

"You think I'm joking, don't you."

"No! Oh no — tell me about Aunt Mabel," I prodded.

"Aunt Mabel loves etiquette and she's very proper, always correcting grammar and manners—"

"Can you be her right now?"

"No; there's a key word that gives her control, but I'm not sure what it is. I feel strongly about the word Gerald."

"You know what! All this time I thought I was crazy, but have you ever seen *Lady and the Tramp*? Sometimes I'll go blank and I turn into Lady! It's true! I'll loiter around the pet center in Smith's!" He told me it's perfectly normal, and when we parted I pointed to a brown lump on the lawn and yelled "Stay away from that!"

He may have been kidding and he may have been serious, but people like him make Provo fun. They're characters. Although sometimes it seems we all slosh around in the Utah valley sewer of conformity, many original characters thrive around this campus.

Last year I stood at the back of the Ivy Tower line and shivered under falling February snowflakes. After twenty-five minutes, my lips were numb. They hurt when I laughed at seeing a guy mummified in Saran Wrap wound in layers around his entire body, streaming off in back as he ran. The crowd roared as he belted "Life for the left-overs!" No more boredom in line.

A friend of mine entertains everyone with bizzarre conversation topics like "Skid down a hot, dry slide in a bathing suit lately?" When asked how he feels, he'll comment "Like soggy lettuce in the sun" when tired; or "Like a dragon fly in the front grill of her Honda" when jilted by a girl; or "Like bran flakes stuck to a cereal bowl after the milk has dried" when nervous. He reminds me of a different guy who won the grand prize of the



SR Art by Cassie Christensen

Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles Cereal contest and frequently carries one of the toy turtles in his shirt pocket through the Cougar eat.

These people surround us, and while they entertain, they also inspire. Even the mundane is not monotonous because they spice variety and, if even for a moment, set us free from public expectations and social mores. We can laugh or ponder, join or watch, forgetting that it's impolite to talk about earthworms over Ramen Noodles at lunch or to pretend to trip outside the Marriott Center after a fireside.

These are the people who, in high school jumped from social circle to social circle, usually friendly to everyone and seemingly secure with themselves. Some argue, however, that insecurity forces these people to seek public approval to maintain self esteem, and that under the screen lies a vulnerable, mild person struggling with fears and pressures. Obviously the extroverted persona is the best to shroud insecurity.

But what about those weird individuals who just seem to have fun cruising on the carts at Food 4 Less, making up captions for the HFAC paintings, imitating the Coast soap commercials while in the shower? We might say they're their own: daily my roommate screams "LOVE ME!!" to the cat as he squirms and claws away from her puckered lips; another roommate sometimes wears her underwear backwards to avoid panty lines; my "Teachings of the Living Prophets" teacher has a fetish for observing where on the wrist a man wears his watch; I know someone who actually eats corn dogs dipped in chocolate pudding; the Sportsmen tip-toed in pink tu-tus at "Friday Night Live" airbands, and President Lee attended CDU's airbands WITHOUT BYU.

Characters like these oppose the boring norms. So when you see someone turn the ward meeting agenda into an origami frog, spell funny words on the screen of a calculator, or deny the hottest guy on campus a kiss but shakes his hand, think about the beauty of individuality.

Not all of Jill's friends are neurotic.

Student Review Bulletin Board

TUESDAY NOV. 27- A refreshments symposium will be held at room 132 Smith Family Living Center. The guest speaker will be Sis. Michaelene P. Grassli, Primary General President. Topics will include "The mystical healing powers of cherry chew bars" and "cookies for the nineties."

FRIDAY DEC. 1- A news conference will be televised on CNN from the Widstoe Building. According to Dr. Lester Deferens of the Zoology department "We are very excited about some recent indications that Mormons breed well in captivity."

THURSDAY DEC. 7- MTV has announced plans to televise a Christmas special from the ballroom of the ELWC. The special, tentatively titled "Yo, BYU Raps" will include performances by The Lamanite Generation, BYU Young Ambassadors, and BYUSA president Jeff Singer. It is still unclear as to whether or not President Lee will perform a cover version of Prince's *Little Red Corvette*, as he was unavailable for comment.

Top Twenty

1. Chocolate milk
2. HFAC nudes
3. Live turkeys
4. The Grateful Dead
5. Eccentric relatives
6. "Why not?"
7. Kept promises
8. Moonrises
9. Thanksgiving vacation
10. Thespians
11. *Purgatorio XI*
12. Thought
13. Navels
14. Stacey Corley
15. Bran muffins
16. *The Dick Van Dyke Show*
17. Oxymorons
18. Postponed Exams
19. Diet Coke
20. Facial hair

Bottom 10
Weeping roomates,
Aerosmith, bolo lies,
"felch," recycled dorm food, diminishing marginal returns, Chem. 351, pain, green jello with embedded foreign objects, hives.



377-7577

Portland
\$228 r/t

Boston
\$338 r/t

Kansas
City
\$238 r/t

Phila-
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\$318 r/t

Houston
\$278 r/t

Atlanta
\$318 r/t

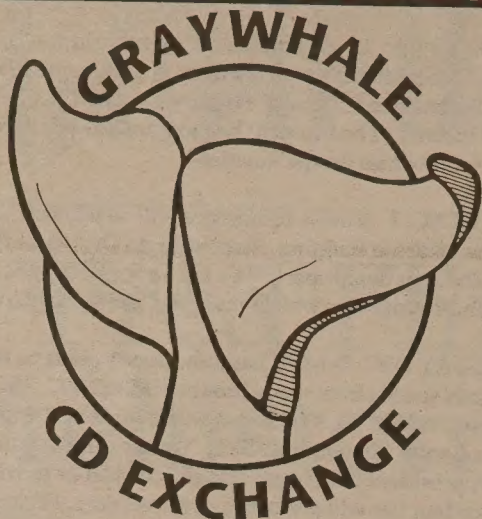
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Subject to change
restrictions may apply
Hours: 8:30-6:00 M-F.
Sat. 10:00-3:00

Announcing the Geneva Essay Contest

- first prize, \$100,000
- topic: Pollution, the Price of Prosperity
- send submissions to:
Contest/Human Resources, Geneva Steel
1600 W. Center
Orem UT 84058



Holiday Gift-Buying Guide



The largest selection of used C.D.s in Utah county!

The best of the latest artists, jazz, new age, classics, & country.

\$2⁰⁰ off new releases

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In Brigham's Landing on the BYU Diagonal

COUPON

\$2⁰⁰ of Christmas disks \$12.99 and up or \$1⁰⁰ off regular and used C.D.s

Not valid on imports, singles, or in conjunction with other promotional offers.



Expires Dec. 31, 1989

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Bring in clothes now

for \$ MONEY later



Quality womens' clothing and accessories resale store
Provo Town Square, Suite M-124
3 7 7 - P O S T

Gift Ideas For People You Hate

1. Wilted flowers
2. Ex-lax brownies
3. A cereal box with the prize removed
4. Season tickets to the LA Clippers
5. A membership in the PTL club
6. Listerine
7. Arrid Extra Dry
8. Diet pills
9. Animal waste products
10. Animal byproducts
11. A mission call to Boise
12. An AMC Pacer
13. A gift certificate to Mr. Mac
14. A Jack Weyland novel
15. An autographed photo of Donny Osmond
16. An appointment with a Mary Kay representative
17. Grecian formula
18. Fruitcake
19. An unhousebroken puppy
20. An internship at the Simplot farm
21. A gift certificate to a mortuary
22. A loaded gun
23. Anything dead
24. Milk that's past the expiration date
25. A one-way ticket to Rexburg
26. Underwear from DI
27. Your little sister
28. A certificate for 10 free hours of counseling from BYU standards
29. A check that you know won't clear the bank
30. Baby chicks
31. A lifetime membership to NutriSystems
32. Head and Shoulders
33. An old toothbrush
34. The complete works of Grant Von Harrison
35. Flea powder
36. An "I love Idaho" sweatshirt
37. T-buturic acid
38. Pet food
39. Old socks
40. An Afterglow song-book
41. An expired Y parking sticker
42. A subscription to Teen Beat
43. Prunes

Merry Christmas & Happy New Year from Mistletoe Unlimited



Mistletoe Unlimited

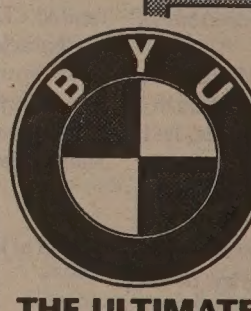
Merry Christmas & Happy New Year from Mistletoe Unlimited
See our t-shirts & sweatshirts on sale in the BYU Bookstore now.

Two styles available

- Avoid the Rush—Kiss Me Now
- Christmas Card

Prices

- T-shirts \$ 9.99
- Sweatshirts \$19.99



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SEND \$12. PER SHIRT TO:
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THE ULTIMATE.

T.M. 1989



Holiday Gift-Buying Guide

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The lowest-priced Yamaha Full-Body features the solid design and sound quality of the top-line models. Full-bodied bass. Clear, ringing highs. Achieve them with ease along the comfortable neck and responsive fingerboard. The FG-400 is a great introductory guitar that performs in the tradition of Yamaha excellence. All at an economical price.

\$249
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Sale Price

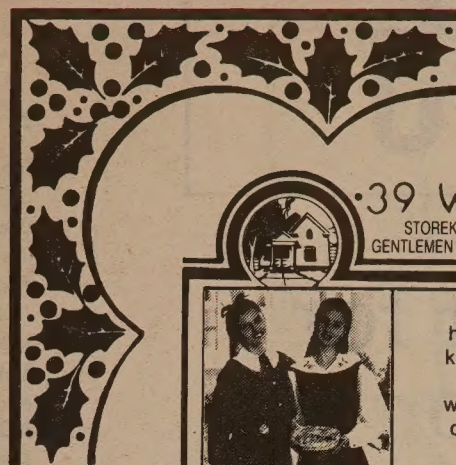
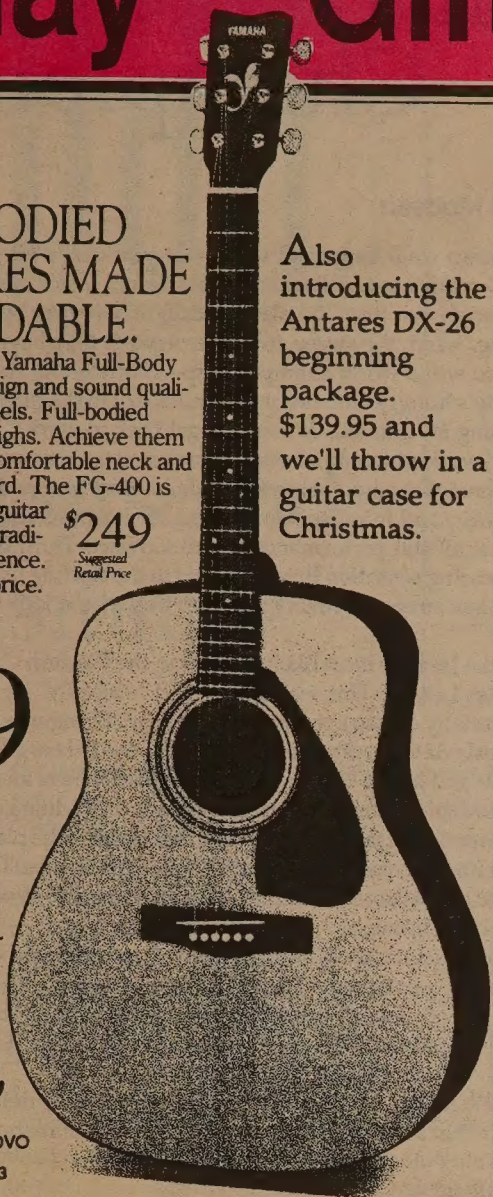
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39 WEST
STOREKEEPERS FOR GENTLEMEN & GENTLEWOMEN

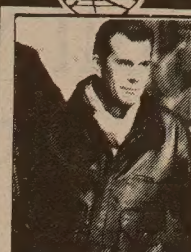


The horse knows the way to carry the suede.

"BUSHWACKER"

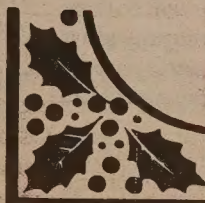


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UTAH & ALL THAT JAZZ



BY CALVIN GRONDAHL

GO BUY THE BOOK

Very clever, this Grondahl. Through his images, we are introduced to the state's "Anti-Pleasure Patrol" and its motto, "To Protect You From Yourself." We see the miracle of gulls attacking hordes of Utah deer hunters. And we get a look at the first structure built in the Rocky Mountains: a Mormon basketball court to convert the Indians.

Utah's wrapped up in this book, which makes it a great book to wrap up for Christmas. And don't forget to buy a copy for your shelf.

Paper 100 pages \$7.00

Signature Books

SPORTS

A Bull Year for Chicago

by Bill Evans

The only team to beat the Detroit Pistons in the playoffs last year was the Chicago Bulls. The same will be true again this year—except the Bulls will win not just the battle, but the war. Already up 1-0 in the series, Chicago has shown vast improvement over last year's one man show. Rookies Stacey King and B.J. Armstrong have provided a much stronger bench than last year. But more importantly, center Bill Cartwright spent the summer lifting weights and has bulked up considerably, making him the rebounder and force inside that the Bulls desperately need. Horace Grant and Scotty Pippen have also improved their game, mostly by developing a healthier attitude towards playing in the shadow of you-know-who. Michael Jordan is the same, unbelievable, extra-terrestrial self—after all, it's impossible to improve what is already perfect. The only real question mark is first year coach Phil Jackson. Early indications seem to show, however, that he has no real problems running this team. He may even be accepting the world championship trophy from David Stern this June.

Sure, it seems a little crazy not to pick Detroit to repeat, but anyone that watched the Chicago-Detroit game two weeks ago realized two basketball truths: Detroit is not immortal and Michael Jordan is. Detroit will rack up a lot of wins, but in the playoffs their "bad boy" ways will do them in. Generally speaking, "bad boys" have a tendency to turn on each other when the pressure is really on, and that is exactly what will stop Detroit. The revenge factor, Detroit's central purpose last year, is gone. How long can Mark Aguirre, Bill Laimbeer, and the quieter complainer Isiah Thomas stay happy and together? Probably not one full season.

The third best team in the East is the Cleveland Cavaliers. Sure they just lost a few good players for the possibility of signing Danny Ferry. But with Atlanta doing so poorly, they are the natural next choice, despite playing without Larry Nance, who is out because of ankle surgery. Mark Price is still a consistently great performer, and Brad Daugherty will be strong as soon as his foot injury heals. But the biggest asset the Cavaliers have is excellent management, especially general manager Wayne Embry and experienced coach Lenny Wilkins.

The Boston Celtics take over spot number four in the East. The main reason for the improved expectation over last year is, of course, Larry Bird's return from injury. Drafting former BYU standout Mike Smith should help spell the aging Keven McHale-Robert Parish front court. With more rest for the big men and a superb performance from their guards, the Celtics may just be this year's dark house.

Other good teams worth mentioning are the New York Knicks, Atlanta Hawks, and the Indiana Pacers. The Knicks are still a question mark because they play in the league's weakest division and have yet to prove their more than just a gimmick team. More consistency on offense would quiet their detractors. Atlanta is the Big Team that Couldn't. There's obvious talent on the teams, yet they keep losing games they should win. Who knows how far they will slide. The Indiana Pacers, on the other hand, seem to be a different team than what we've seen the last several decades. They may just be the Little Team That Could.

"This is the Place" for a Championship

by Grant Madsen

No one knows what happened to the last year in the playoffs. Some called it a fluke, others pointed to creative use of illegal defenses, tough matchups, or simply better coaching. But last year's untimely exit from the playoffs caught everyone by surprise, especially the Jazz.

On the other hand, the sweep from the playoffs may have given the Jazz that final ingredient necessary to win a world championship—motivation. As veteran guard Bobby Hansen said, "Everybody's hungry after last year's quick exit in the playoffs. Everybody's saying, 'You can't take anything for granted. It's time to get back to work.'"

This added work ethic, and a better team chemistry, may make the difference between a division and a conference championship for the Jazz. Karl Malone (29.1 points per game—second in the NBA last year) and John Stockton (trying for his third straight 1,000-assist season) will turn in their regular all-star performance as will stalwarts Thurl Bailey and Mark Eaton. The addition of rookie scoring sensation Blue Edwards to the starting lineup, and a healthier bench, gives the Jazz depth and strength at every position. Come June, look for the Jazz to be in the championship series.

The team the Jazz are most likely to meet in the Western Conference championship series is the Los Angeles Lakers. This season they will "officially" be without Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, who made essentially cameo appearances last year. By signing Vlade Divac (VLAH-day DEE-vatz), a 7'1" Yugoslavian to replace him, many think the Lakers got the steal of the draft. Magic Johnson, Byron Scott and James Worthy will undoubtedly have an excellent year. Coach Pat Riley will likely have Magic posting up more, something defending guards have been fearing for years. But usually the deciding factor among the great teams is the play of the strong-but-not-superhuman people such as Michael Cooper and Orlando Woolridge. The Lakers will win their division and sport an excellent record. But the likes of Cooper and Woolridge will determine Laker success in playoff crunchtime.

The Pacific Division's most likely runner-up is the Phoenix Suns. Unlike last year, when no one was sure what was up with Phoenix, this year teams will be prepared for their running game. Trying to out-offense other teams is usually minimally successful over the long run. Defense wins championships. Phoenix must improve in that area to really challenge the Lakers or Jazz in this year's playoffs. But this is unlikely.

Tom Chambers has never really learned how to play defense, and the rest of the team is still untested in that area. However, coach Cotton Fitzsimmons pulled one rabbit out of his hat last year in turning the team around. There is always a chance he can pull another one out and take his team all the way to the championships.

The best of the rest include the Portland Trailblazers, a group of talented and abrasive misfits. This team could be the dark horse if they ever get their act together. The San Antonio Spurs could do the same, next year. This year rookies David Robinson and Sean Elliot are a little too young and inexperienced to really give it a shot. The Dallas Mavericks have finally gotten rid of Mark Aguirre and the result should be more team play and a calmer locker room. The Houston Rockets and Golden State Warriors may also be in the hunt at playoff time if Akeem Olajuwon and Chris Mullin can stay healthy for each team respectively.

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SR SCOREBOARD

NFL STANDINGS

AFC EASTERN	W	L	T	PF	PA
Buffalo	7	4	0	303	250
Miami	7	4	0	228	240
Indianapolis	5	6	0	201	202
New England	4	7	0	214	268
N.Y. Jets	2	9	0	192	299
AFC CENTRAL	W	L	T	PF	PA
Cleveland	7	3	1	260	160
Houston	7	4	0	295	260
Cincinnati	6	5	0	277	201
Pittsburgh	5	6	0	143	257
AFC WESTERN	W	L	T	PF	PA
Denver	8	2	0	234	153
L.A. Raiders	5	6	0	225	192
Kansas City	4	6	1	197	218
San Diego	4	7	0	183	205
Seattle	4	7	0	163	207
NFC EASTERN	W	L	T	PF	PA
N.Y. Giants	9	2	0	244	170
Philadelphia	7	4	0	220	203
Washington	5	5	0	223	219
Phoenix	5	6	0	207	250
Dallas	1	10	0	153	276
NFC CENTRAL	W	L	T	PF	PA
Minnesota	7	4	0	216	178
Chicago	6	5	0	283	219
Green Bay	6	5	0	262	262
Tampa Bay	4	7	0	244	305
Detroit	2	9	0	187	292
NFC WESTERN	W	L	T	PF	PA
San Francisco	9	2	0	308	182
L.A. Rams	7	4	0	282	232
New Orleans	6	5	0	256	215
Atlanta	3	8	0	191	282

PAST

Green Bay 21, San Francisco 17 49ers get into holiday spirit early, give Packers 3 straight penalties for 35 yds. (one of which nullified a S.F. int. and 93 yd. return) on Green Bay's 73 yd. game-winning TD drive in 4th qtr. Tampa Bay 32, Chicago 31 Donald eegway-BWEE-kay: FG as time, Bears, expire. Chicago OL Thayer: "I have no nice things to say about Tampa Bay. They beat us down there in the heat. They beat us up here in the cold." Philadelphia 10, Minnesota 9 Hero to goat: Herschel Walker returns opening kick-off 93 yds. for Vikes only TD, fumbles in 4th qtr. to set up Eagles winning TD. Cincinnati 42, Detroit 7 Esalason 30-39 for 399 yds., 1 int., 3 TD's after Bengals coach Wyche "throws a fit" following Lions' opening drive TD. Eye on Alumni: Cincy's Jason Buck 6 tackles, 1 sack. Indianapolis 27, N.Y. Jets 10 Believe-it-or-not: Dickerson with 131 yds. becomes 1st rusher this season to top 100 yds. vs. hapless Jets. L.A. Rams 37, Phoenix 14 Never close after the coin toss. Rams QB Everett throws for 308 yds, donates 100 cans of food per point to needy Orange county families. Probably 3700 cans of Cardinal soup. N.Y. Giants 15, Seattle 3 Seattle: 20 pts. in last three games, all losses. NBC's M. Albert: "Good team" is past tense for the Seahawks". New England 33, Buffalo 24 Pats rackup 20 pts. in last 7:45 to make Bills eat crow. Buffalo QB Kelly: "We're not as good as we think we are." Miami 17, Dallas 14 Dolphins avoid embarrassment, but Cowboys outgain them by 125 yds., 10 first downs. Aikman: 261 yds. passing, 71 yds. rushing. New Orleans 27, Atlanta 17 In-depth analysis by Falcons OT Casillas: "The second half we kind of fell apart." Patrician name and all, 5'8" Dalton Hilliard

grinds out 158 yds. on 29 carries.

Pittsburgh 20, San Diego 17 14,797 no-shows in Pittsburgh don't watch worst ranked offense squirm by 2nd worst ranked offense despite gaining only 191 yds. Kansas City 10, Cleveland 10 Chiefs K Lowery blows 3 chances at game-winning FG (from 45, 40, 47 yds.) so now we have to put in crummy "ties" column in the standings for the rest of the year. Houston 23, Raiders 7 Bo Jackson held to season low 54 yds., only 4 in 2nd half. Raiders also play Santa with 5 turnovers.

PICKS

Here are the results of last week's picks, pitting technology vs. human wisdom vs. sheer luck: XOR's "NFL CHALLENGE": picked 9 of 13 winners DAVE the DUNCE: picked 7 of 13 winners FLIP O' A COIN: picked 7 of 13 winners I feel terrible making such a poor representation for human judgment. (By the way, the computer would have nailed the Green Bay upset as well, but it froze up with 3:00 left and the Packers leading. In the replay, the 49ers wiped them out.)

This week: Guest guesser Grant "Guru" Madsen goes against the coin and the computer.

	Grant	Coin	Computer
Pitt. at Miami	Miami	Miami	Pittsburgh
S.D. at Indy	Indy	S.D.	S.D.
Atl. at Jets	Atl.	Jets	Jets
Hou. at K.C.	K.C.	Hou.	Hou.
Minn. at G.Bay	G.B.	Minn.	G.B.
Cincy at Buffalo	Buffalo	Cincy	Buffalo
N.Eng. at Raiders	Raiders	Raiders	New England
Sea. at Denver	Denver	Seattle	Denver
T. Bay at Phoe.	Phoenix	Phoenix	Tampa Bay
Chi. at Wash.	Chicago	Wash.	Chicago
Rams at N.O.	Rams	Rams	Rams
Philly at Dallas	Dallas	Philly	Philly
Cleve. at Detroit	Cleve.	Detroit	Cleve.
Giants at S.F.	S.F.	Giants	S.F.

The WEEK in the WAC

CONFERENCE	W	L	T	PF	PA
BYU	6	1	0	282	185
Air Force	4	1	0	221	134
Hawaii	5	2	0	271	130
San Diego St.	4	2	0	204	186
Wyoming	5	3	0	230	215
Colorado St.	4	3	0	239	193
Utah	2	5	0	203	354
UTEP	1	7	0	169	302
New Mexico	0	7	0	134	254
OVERALL	W	L	T	PF	PA
BYU	9	2	0	436	292
Hawaii	8	2	0	399	192
Air Force	7	3	0	369	243
San Diego St.	6	4	1	341	331
Colorado St.	5	5	1	350	304
Wyoming	5	6	0	281	299
Utah	4	7	0	327	482
New Mexico	2	10	0	298	378
UTEP	2	10	0	238	412

Last Week:

BYU 70, Utah 31
Wyoming 41, UTEP 10
Miami (Fla.) 42, San Diego St. 6
New Mexico 45, Fresno St. 22
This Week:
Oregon St. at Hawaii
BYU at San Diego St. for all the WAC marbles
Air Force at Utah

BYU 70, UTAH 31

UTAH	0	7	3	21-31
BYU	28	21	14	7-71
UTAH	BYU			
First downs	25	29		
Rushes - yards	36-130	41-329		
Passing yds.	393	421		
Return yds.	4	24		

Comp. att. - int.	28-44-0	23-29-0
Punts	5-38	2-40
Fumbles - lost	3-3	2-1
Penalties - yards	7-59	7-62
Time of possession	31:19	28:41

Individual Leaders

Rushing - UTAH: Abrams 21-94, C. Smith 6-12, Richmond 6-7. BYU: Corley 14-159, Bellini 7-60, Tuipulotu 4-42, Whittingham 8-37, Detmer 2-10.
Passing - UTAH: Richmond 28-44-393 yds., 4 TD's, 0 int's. BYU: Detmer 18-22-358 yds., 4 TD's 0 int's, Covey 5-7-63 yds., 0 TD's, 0 int's.
Receiving - UTAH: Hicks 11-126, D. Smith 6-106, Rowley 4-51, Abrams 3-62, Angelsey 3-34. BYU: C. Smith 6-194, Frandsen 4-69, Zundel 2-42, Bellini 2-30, Odle 2-28.

Attendance: yet another stadium record 66,110.

TOP COLLEGE SCORES

#1 Notre Dame (11-0) pelted Penn St. 34-23.
#2 Colorado (11-0) collapsed Kansas St. 59-11.
#3 Michigan (9-1) malleted Minnesota 49-15.
#4 Alabama (10-0) suffocated Southern Miss. 37-14.
#5 Florida St. (8-2) dismembered Memphis St. 57-20.
#6 Nebraska (10-1) obliterated Oklahoma 42-6.
#7 Miami (9-1) sandblasted San Diego St. 42-6.
#8 Tennessee (8-1) tenderized Mississippi 33-21.
#9 Arkansas (8-1) watched everyone else sweat.
#10 Auburn (8-2) gouged Georgia 20-3.
#11 Illinois (8-2) invalidated Indiana 41-28.
#12 USC (8-2-1) united with UCLA 10-10.
#13 Texas A&M (7-2) herded cattle.
#14 Houston (7-2) took a breather.
#15 Virginia (10-2) married Maryland 48-21.
#16 Clemson (9-2) scoured South Carolina 45-0. (S. Carolina coach Sparky Woods after loss: "The turning point was when we kicked off.")
#17 West Virginia (7-2-1) mined coal.
#18 BYU (8-2) beat Utah 70-31. Sit back. Relax. Invite your favorite Ute fan over for a decaf. Coke.

OPINION

BYU Newspapers and Responsibility

by Brad Denton

I AM THE ENGLISH usage specialist at *The Daily Universe*, and I do not apologize for my position. But subtle derision from the staff of *Student Review*, and sometimes the BYU student body, compels me to write about what I believe is an erroneous view of both papers and their roles at BYU.

I am tired of the attitude that, somehow, *The Universe* is inferior to the *Review*. It is not. I have detected a kind of furtive insecurity about the *Review* among journalists in *The Universe* newsroom. The name of the unofficial paper is seldom mentioned at all. It seems to represent something *The Universe* can never aspire to become, and that is quite a mystery to me.

Shortly after the beginning of the year, I read an article in the *Review* intended to encourage people to join the staff and get some real experience. Experience at *The Universe* was fine, it read, but the only way a communications student at BYU could learn about the real world of journalism was to become a part of the *Review*. That assertion struck me as extremely arrogant, especially in light of the relative

professionalism of the publications.

The Daily Universe is, in reality, an excellent source of journalistic experience—much more so, I believe, than the *Review*. The *Universe* staff works on a computer network much like those used by every major newspaper in the country. Students work in a structured environment in which each person completes one part of what will become the paper.

They operate under a daily, rather than weekly, deadline, and their assignments are continuous and consistent. They work directly with news services and with local people. And their work is directed by their superiors—people with the knowledge and experience to decide what is truly newsworthy and when a story idea is in poor taste or an article inappropriate or offensive to the intended audience.

I do not doubt that those who contribute to the *Review* learn many valuable things. But the *Review's* claim to provide superior experience is dubious at best. Although I am not familiar with the structure of the *Review's* newsroom, I doubt it is as modern as that of *The Universe*, because I have read in the *Review* that it operates on a shoestring budget and that BYU ought to give the *Review* journalists use of *The Universe's* newsroom. Regardless of the reasons for this difference in equipment, it should be plain that *The Universe* gives budding journalists more of a computer experience so essential to today's reporters, editors and photographers.

Material things, however, are not the most important thing differentiating *The Universe* and *Student Review*. In fact, they are of little importance compared to other differences. The most valuable thing students learn as they work for *The Universe* is the

structure of the journalistic environment. They learn that they have a boss and that it is imperative to follow that boss's instructions. They learn that the public is not something to be mocked and taken advantage of, but the audience that they are obligated to serve.

They learn that it is not productive or responsible to simply whine about the institutions of society—that changing the undesirable elements of our world starts with constructive criticism and responsible debate, not caustic insults. They also learn that rambling articles on obscure subjects are not necessarily worthy of space in a reputable newspaper. No doubt many staff members of the *Review* believe the style of the off-campus paper makes it more amusing than *The Universe*. I agree. But the fact that the *National Enquirer* is more amusing than *The New York Times* says nothing about the quality of the two papers.

There seems to be a feeling

among some readers and employees of both papers that the *Review* is somehow better because its writers and artists apparently write with few subject or style restrictions. But that is not the way the real world works, nor is it a particularly productive way to run a newspaper. This lack of responsible direction shows in the quality of the *Review*: The style is inconsistent and often contains grammatical mistakes, and the articles seem often to show nothing more than some individual's irritation with a facet of Mormon culture or an authority figure on campus or in the community. The paper often appears to be a jumble of what people were willing to submit that week. All of this serves to point out that *The Universe* is quite different from the *Review*.

I understand that the *Review* operates under much tighter budgetary restrictions than does *The Universe*. I understand that they don't receive money from

the university, but I am amazed that they have the chutzpah to bewail the fact. Of course, *The Universe* receives university money; it serves a legitimate purpose. The university subsidizes the official paper because it provides news to the BYU community and because it provides a laboratory opportunity for journalism students. The *Review*, by contrast, does little more than entertain through features like cutout dolls of the Bush and Dukakis families and print individual, sometimes meaningless essays often sarcastically critical of the LDS culture in general.

I read and often enjoy *Student Review*. It can be entertaining and informative at times. But the time has come for people at BYU to acknowledge the fact that, fun as it may be to malign *The Universe*, the campus paper represents responsible news writing and serves the BYU community in a much richer, more productive way than the *Review* even attempts to.



EDITOR'S RESPONSE

I THINK YOUR LETTER to an extent might help to restore confidence in *The Universe* among its staff members, and its readership. But you're mistaken in your comparison of the *Review* and *The Universe*. The two, apart from efforts to sell advertising, and in obtaining tickets to the opera, are really not in competition with one another, and serve different purposes. As you say, you are an official, daily, on-campus newspaper put together by the students and faculty of the Communications Department. *The Universe* is a laboratory publication, subsidized and to a degree censored by BYU.

Student Review is none of these things. We are more a magazine than anything else. We often broach obscure subjects (and in doing so we tend to at times speak to our navels, as one faculty member of the Communications Department put it); we're able to handle sensitive issues in our Mormon culture and BYU community, we hope, in a respon-

sible way. For us at least, it's no mystery why *The Universe* can never be the *Review*, and vice versa.

So why do you compare at all? Your *National Enquirer/The New York Times* analogy is a false one; to say that the *Review* is to *The Universe* as the *National Enquirer* is to *The New York Times* not only does a disservice to the *Review*, but it actually weakens your argument by associating *The Universe* with *The New York Times*.

The *Review* will continue on its meager budget in a newsroom more intuitive than technological (a table for paste-up, some old issues lying around, a few Danzigers, exacto-knives, party games, moments of despair). We'll continue in our (un)subtle derision of *The Universe*, and wish you the same fun and privilege. Write us more letters.

Gary Burgess

—not the boss, but the Editor in Chief

No gain.No pain.

Maintaining a moderate weight may reduce your risk of heart attack.



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SR art by Lori Nelson

Putting a Price on the Environment

by John Armstrong (the Religion Editor)

HUGH NIBLEY ONCE remarked that good managers know the price of everything and the value of nothing, because to them the value is the price. In the 1980s, our management-minded government put a price on the environment, contrary to popular opinion, and disregarded the values citizens hold most dear.

This modern-day management mentality has come up with a way of

financial decision-making called cost-benefit analysis. This means that the financial costs and financial benefits of a decision are weighed against each other, and only if the benefits outweigh the costs will a project be given the go-ahead. The only question is "How much?" For example, to build a dam, the government first assesses the cost: the price of labor, cement, land, and whatever else is needed. This is easy to add up.

Then the benefits are weighed out: the dollar value of irrigation, hydroelectric power, and flood control is all estimated. If the benefits outweigh the costs, the dam is built. This is good, economically-sound decision making.

During his first month in office, President Reagan ordered to institute this "common sense" cost-benefit analysis. Every new major regulation was analyzed according to its

financial costs and benefits to society. Of course, this also meant massive cuts in financial support for the Environmental Protection Agency. For example, making Geneva Steel comply with clean air standards means large costs to improve machinery and install smoke-stack scrubbers. What are the benefits of having clean air to weigh against these costs? This is a tough question because clean air is something we take for granted. Not contracting industrial pollution-caused lung diseases is something we take for granted. Having clear vistas is something we take for granted. Because of the difficulty in price-tagging the value of clean air, the costs were said to be more than the benefits, and the funds for enforcing most environmental regulations were cut.

This method of enforcing environmental regulations undermines the reasons they were established in the first place. In the 1960s and 1970s, Congress passed numerous environmental laws: the Clean Air Act, the Endangered Species Act, the Clean Water Act, and the Federal Insecticide, Fungicide, and Rodenticide Act, just to name a few. These were not enacted because they would be beneficial to large industry and stimulate the economy. They were enacted because legislators reflected the common values of their constituents, which were that the benefits of a healthy, aesthetically pleasing environment outweighed the financial costs of increased taxes.

Reagan's order lessened the enforcement of environmental laws and increased public concern over the worsening pollution problem. In a CBS/New York Times poll, the public was asked if environmental protection is "so important that requirements and standards cannot be too high," and if improvements should be made "regardless of cost." In 1981, the year President Reagan took office, 45 percent of a national sampling agreed; in January of 1987,

66 percent agreed.

Cost-benefit analysis has ignored this trend in public opinion and has treated Americans not as citizens, but rather as consumers.

This is not the first time laws have not been enacted as a result of cost-benefit analysis. In the Nineteenth Century, many immigrant parents sent their small children to toil for long hours in dark, dirty textile mills where many of them died. Many adults, too, worked ten hour days under horrible conditions for pitiful wages. It can be argued that this cheap labor was economically efficient in the free market, but this is beside the point. Congress passed laws eliminating these working conditions on the grounds that no decent, self-respecting society tolerates such conditions, whether free markets create them or not.

The original intent of weighing the monetary pros and cons of government policy was to make all regulation economically sound. But according to Barry G. Rabe of the University of Michigan, "The promise of market-based environmental regulatory solutions may have been ... oversold. Although proponents can wax eloquent on both the efficacy and efficiency of such approaches, forming and implementing them has proved difficult and disappointing to date." (In Rabe's *Fragmentation and Integration in State Environmental Management*)

Environmental regulation should not be evaluated on how economically efficient it is, but rather be implemented on how morally correct it is. Clean air, clean water, toxic waste-free land, an undeteriorated ozone layer, oxygen-producing tropical rain forests, a stabilized global temperature and our own health cannot be construed in a dollar amount to be compared with corporate profit and consumer comfort. Environmental regulation was passed with the pricelessness of the environment in mind and should be enforced in the same way.

Doonesbury

BY G.B. TRUDEAU



Wednesday is...

Ladies Night

All ladies get in free

Men get in for \$1.00 before 10:00

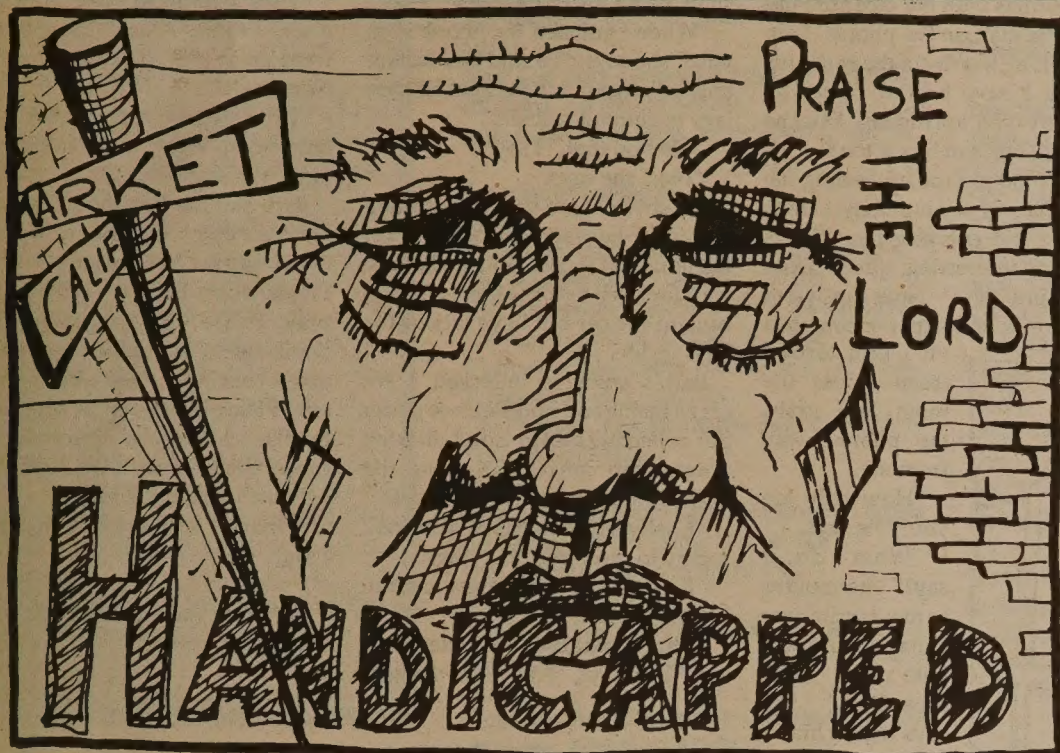
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ARTS & LEISURE



SR Art by Chris DeRner

Without a Home

by Ginny Charles

JOHN WAS A man I met one day on a street named Market in San Francisco. Market is a street I like to go shopping on. It has a number of alluring boutiques, a posh new shopping center and a garage with a reasonable hourly fee. It is also home to a large population of the homeless.

...I can still see his grey scraggly face, that blue stocking cap pulled securely over his head, his thin arm leaning on the steel cane, and the ripped cardboard sign with the ink black letters spelling out his need. "Handicapped," it said in scrawled letters. Something followed the comma but that one word was all I saw. I sensed his despair. It was not only written on his sign but in the emptiness I saw in his clear blue eyes, and the desolation of his sagging shoulders. I felt his isolation and the emptiness which must have been intensified by the din of the city; hundreds of chattering shoppers rushing by, the clanging of the busy street-cars, the honking of an angry taxi, the whispers of two lost lovers. He was alone.

I noticed the glaring contrast of his poverty against the cold marble wall of San Francisco's newest Nordstrom. I smelled the stench of urine from the alleyway behind him as it mingled with a sophisticated woman's perfume. I felt an emptiness which could have been akin to his, an emptiness and an anger that had begun to surge inside me both at them and at myself. I had come here with 20 paperbag lunches for those I had determined were "in need," my pre-packaged love and a selfish desire to give. What this man wanted was not in any of my bags. I felt just a little bit ashamed, and I suddenly felt a deep need for his acceptance. As we made a formal greeting, I shook his hand and when he shifted his gaze from the ground to my face I felt a good thing happen inside of me. He was not looking at me, but through me, and then inside me. For a moment,

two strangers found each other and there was no more emptiness. I felt the most exquisite joy, a pure, aching happiness that filled my whole being with light. I understood joy. I understood more clearly what it meant to be human.

I met another man on the street that day. His name was Bob. He was sitting on a cement block outside a Kentucky Fried Chicken. He had a shopping cart to one side of him and a wooden crate on the other. On the crate was a sign that read, "Praise the Lord." On top there was a plastic cup for change and a bag of chicken and white dinner rolls. This man didn't need my paperbag lunches either. I remember him telling me that he'd never gone hungry in San Francisco. There was a lot of food in this city he said. He offered me some of his chicken and said that if I didn't want it maybe I could take it with me to give to someone else. We talked a while. He told me about the black preacher who had given him the sign and taught him faith, about the young man David in the restaurant who brought him dinner and conversation daily. He told me about the lonely woman he had given his last twenty dollars to last Christmas, so that her daughter could have a Cabbage-Patch doll. He recalled with a smile his brief appearance on the six-o'clock news. No one could believe that a panhandler was giving his money away - it made a good Christmas story.

I learned a lot that day in San Francisco. I became a student of the people I had come to help. I had been taught more of giving, of the circular cycle of love, the cruel and useless stereotyping of the masses. I had been taught of the individuality of need, and what it was to feel a part of the whole. I felt what it is to be human.

'Tis the Season

by Sharon McGovern

WHEN *It's a Wonderful Life* was released in 1946, the public dismissed it, preferring heavy duty dramas like *The Best Years of Our Lives*. Over the years, however, (and especially after it became public domain in the seventies, which enabled television stations to show it as often as they liked for free), *It's a Wonderful Life* has become one of the nation's most popular movies. And no wonder, this story of a man whose guardian angel helps him realize his life has been worth living, has lasting appeal. Beware the colorized version.

Scrooged (1988) is a dark comic version of *A Christmas Carol*. Bill Murray stars as a television executive who gives family members company towels for Christmas. Four specters—including Buster Poindexter and Carol Kane as the Ghosts of Christmas Past and Present—show him the errors of his ways. Bobcat Goldthwait is featured as a Bob Cratchet type who turns murderous when Murray fires him. Director Richard Donner has little comic flair, and passages of *Scrooged* are loud and mawkish. But Murray

is great even when sermonizing about the true meaning of Christmas.

Those looking for Christmas movies free of the season's sentiment should check out *The Lion in Winter* (1968) and *Brazil* (1985). Both use the Christmas season as an ironic backdrop for conflict: between king and queen in *Lion*, and fantasy and reality in *Brazil*. In *Lion*, Peter O'Toole stars as Henry II, and Katherine Hepburn (who won an Oscar for this performance) portrays his wife, Eleanor of Aquitaine. *Brazil* was co-written and directed by Monty Python's Terry Gilliam and features Robert de Niro, Bob Hoskins, Michael Palin, and Katherine Helmond in supporting roles.

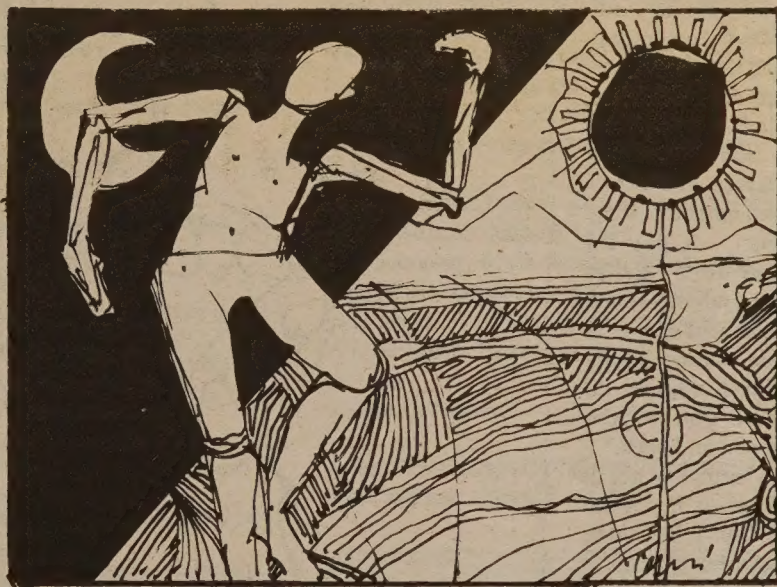
Also recommended:

Miracle on 34th Street (1948, stars Maureen O'Hara and Edmund Gwenn)

Meet Me in St. Louis (1944, stars Judy Garland, directed by Vincente Minnelli)

Scrooge (1951, stars Alister Sim, also known as *A Christmas Carol*)

SR art by Cassie Christensen



First Snow

by David Jensen

ALL WAS THE cremation of summer. The first snow is ash of the illusion. Winter is real life so we might as well get used to it...again. Each summer we bake in sunlight. We swim in it and drink its golden dust. Youth was like that in its less traumatic moments. But it's over now, both youth and summer.

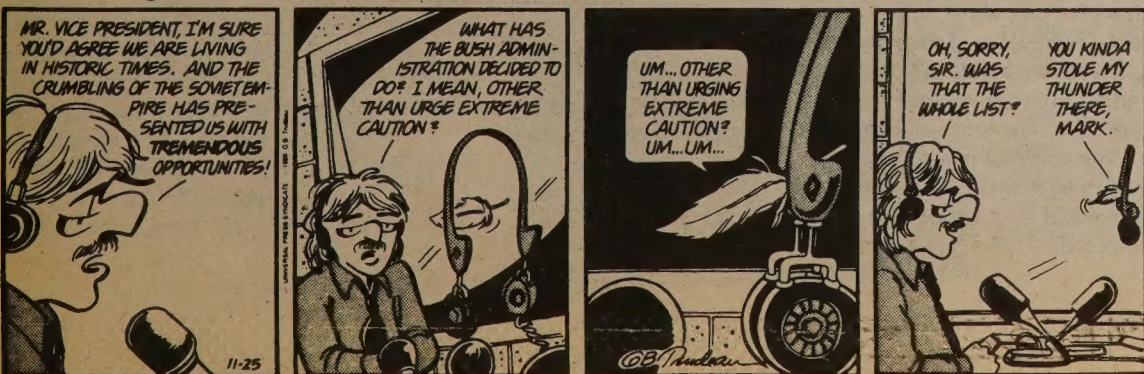
Early mornings, days that almost didn't end. The evenings finally dimmed slowly. Clouds caught color along the horizon's roughened silhouettes as the light faded. Those were lies and we half-believed them.

But now the mornings are dark, the pale sight rises late. A silted river of clouds flows along the bank of a mountainside. We are like prehistoric fish swimming in our past. We are at the bottom of time's muddy river.

Our fathers in mammoth-hair coats knew the ice age was near. They had seen the summer birds flying arrows southward, had felt the premonition in winds grown cold. And so do we.

We hurry through early darkness to our lighted caves, our feet scuff the paths of our primeval childhood.

They say it's going to be a long winter.



Phone Call

by H'Rancze Leopold

NOT LOVE MAYBE, but I do believe in rejection at first sight. Maybe it's my being too impressed, too sorry, too frightened, that frightens him.

I will never be able to say to him, "Hello, 'tis I." Not face to face. Because he'll think: a drooler, a chaser, an observer of the Glenn Close variety, perhaps. And I'm not. I just like people's minds; once I get a glimpse, I want to eat them for breakfast.

Friday night. I am sitting on Erin. She is under her comforter, reading Ibsen and chewing on the inside of her cheek. We look ravishing, we say.

"Don't you know any men that aren't jerks?" she says.

"Nope," I say, "Probably we shouldn't have been mean to Paul."

"Let's call someone. Let's just ask someone out who seems unstale," she says.

I think of interesting men. There are some I've seen on campus so interesting, so utterly unearthly that I wonder why they say hi to me. Maybe they're saying hi to Erin. She's got white hair and no hangups.

So I think of last names, and then I remember. One man. A guy I'd seen from time to time whose expression said to me, "I am a time bomb. Touch me and I'll hate you to the moon and back."

"Erin, I've got it. I know his name because he wrote an article," I say.

Suddenly he's on the phone, and his breathing is in

my hair next to my ear, and I realize that I am receiving words from someone who is not who I thought he was. I'd noticed him the first time because he reminded me of my friend at the prep school, a delectable snob whom I loved. She'd had slash marks across her wrists. This man doesn't, and he isn't a snob. He is tormented by my curiosity. He is pacing, he says, after we've talked for three minutes, pacing and clammy.

"Okay, what do I look like?" he says.

"You look like you've been through hell and enjoyed it," I say. He likes that.

"I know who you are. No, who are you?" he says. If this call makes him blue, I will regret dialing. His talk is unbelievably appealing. He writes books. He loves things. He wants to

meet somebody he can respect. He is not conditioned to accept everyone else's values.

"Give me an honest liar any day," he says.

He says before Tess d'Urb opens her mouth, he is a puddle of tears. I do not care when he says he loves someone. He might be just lying. It is snowing and raining, and the soggy leaves stick to my window and my tongue sticks to my throat. He invites me over for tea.

"I can't," I say, "I'm too young for you and I have no body."

"You're a coward," he says.

"I'm not beautiful," I say, "I can't risk being rejected," and I bury my chin in my sweater. I can't give this

I don't let people see me tense, stripped of self-confidence. I'm a pretty strong woman, but now I feel the rug swiped from under me, and my emotions split. I am going to extremes as usual. I am killing Erin's ankles with my pinches. I am asking her questions with my face but talking to this man on the phone. I am asking "Is he worthy of the generous bleeding I have begun? Does he dislike my type, as I did his? Does he have rich, hot, sad blood too?"

He is shooting me up, feeling the significance of my curiosity. He is laughing and enjoying me. He is calling me interesting, quick. Does he look into eyes? Now I'm warm and warmer and experiencing déjà vu. Erin throws Ibsen across the room and grabs the phone away from me.

"How holy are you?" he says.

"What do I say?" she mouths to me. I write over a magazine face "I hate rules. But I love God." She says that to him.

"What are my chances of meeting you?" she says.

"Good, if you come over," he says.

"Okay," she says.

Erin and I bake braided Cardomom and look up his address. Erin leaves it with a striking roommate of his, and then we squeal up to the mountain to watch snow patterns on each other's faces. We talk about humiliation, reform, and rejection, and we plan our band. We name it the Circumcision, because we feel cut off from men, mostly by our sadder choices.

We look for lyrics in the scriptures. Song of Solomon 8:8, "We have a little sister and she hath no breasts," we read, and crack up, and turn it into a reggae tune. "Comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love," it says.

"The Bible is nifty," she says. "Except for the fact that the women are erased, and God hideth his wife," I say. Then we want to cry, and so we talk about funny things again. I remind her of the percussion section of the band. That's me. I straddle an empty suitcase and use it for drums. The tone can be altered by a slip or a pair of slippers. She's going to be the vocalist, because she is tone deaf, and we think it seems democratic. We make up more

songs. She calls herself the damnable Democrat.

"You know what I think? I think I have a crush on him," I say.

"I think you do too," she says, and hugs me.

"But he's not my type. He's a snob, he's a loner, he's racy," I say.

"When I grabbed the phone from you," she says, "he said that he was only talking with us because he's too lazy to commit suicide."

"He said that," I say.

"No," she says.

We drive home past the steamed up cars of dates and get locked out of the house. It is cold, and we have to wait for Barb to come home. We go back to the car but have locked the keys inside.

Barb's truck is unlocked. We crawl inside and huddle close under our collective breath-cloud, flicking potato-chip smashings onto the floor from the seams of the vinyl.

"Edelweiss, edelweiss, you look happy to meet me," she sings.

"Barb always has a great lover in her life," I say.

"That's because she's demanding," Erin says, "Last night that guy

ran across campus naked because she dared him to do it for a kiss."

"Did she kiss him? The Guido-ish one with the beamer?" I say.

"Yup. He said he wasn't embarrassed because he had a ski cap over his head," she says.

"I want to go to New York and marry Woody Allen," I say, "I also want great legs. Maybe I'll run to New York."

"Let's run from Orem to Brooklyn tomorrow, right after anthropology," she says.

Barb and the guy show up on his motorscooter. He is now wearing the ski cap but he is no longer naked. Please don't let her marry him, I pray. Please forgive me for being so passionate. Please give us scriptures about your Wife. Please bless everyone. Please save a couple of animals for the celestial and terrestrial, because Uncle Scott loves them and he's such a damned fool.

"One day we'll not be alive, Erin," I say.

H'Rancze may or may not write under a pseudonym.



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the CALENDAR

Theatre Guide

Symphony Hall, 123 W. South Temple, SLC, Tickets: \$10.00-17.00, \$5 student, 533-6407
Capitol Theatre, 50 W. 200 South, SLC, Tickets: 533-6494 or 533-5555

Salt Lake Repertory Theatre (City Rep), 148 S. Main, SLC, Tickets: \$8.50, 532-6000

Townsquare Backstage, 65 N. University Ave., Provo, Tickets: \$15.00, 377-6905

The Salt Lake Acting Company, 168 W. 500 N., SLC, Tickets: \$11.00-20.00, 363-0525

Hale Center Theatre, 2801 South Main, SLC, Tickets: \$4.00-6.00, 484-9257

Pioneer Theatre Company, 300S. University, SLC, Tickets: Mon.-Thurs. \$10.00, \$15.00, \$16.50, Fri.-Sat. \$11.00, \$11.00, \$16.50, \$18.00, Matinee performances \$8.00, \$13.00, & \$14.50, 581-6961

The Egyptian Theatre, Main Street, Park City, Tickets: \$10.00, 649-9371

Wednesday, November 22

Theatre:

"Tintypes," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/l.D., 378-7447

Music:

Utah Symphony: if you're here for the holidays, this will make it all worth it—Sir Neville Mariner will conduct the world famous Academy of St. Martin in the Fields at 8:00 in Symphony Hall. They'll be playing Weber's Overture to *Euryanthe*, Vaughan Williams' Symphony No. 5 in D Major, and Beethoven's Symphony No. 7 in A Major. Tickets for this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity (unless you are in London frequently) range from \$15.00 - \$40.00, \$5.00 student tickets, 533-NOTE
 Utah Symphony Preview. 10 a.m. (KUER - FM).

Thursday, November 23

Theatre:

"Tintypes," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/l.D., 378-7447

"The Dreambuilder," Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/l.D., 378-7447

Music:

Chicago Symphony, 7:00 p.m. (KBVU-FM)
 Emerson String Quartet, 9:00 p.m. (KBVU-FM)

Miscellaneous:

America's Opening of the World Cup Skiing Competition at Park City Ski Resort.

HAPPY THANKSGIVING!

Friday, November 24

Theatre:

"Tintypes," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/l.D., 378-7447

"The Dreambuilder," Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/l.D., 378-7447

"A Christmas Carol," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"The Other Wise Man," City Rep, 7:30 p.m.

"The Foreigner," Egyptian Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

Music:

Soft Rock group, *America*, will provide the music for a street dance on Park City's historic Main Street.

Temple Square Concert Series: Christmas Lighting Ceremony, 5:30 p.m. in the Tabernacle, SLC, program by the Mormon Youth Symphony and Chorus

Temple Square Concert Series: Viewmont High School combined choirs, 7:30 in Tabernacle

Mozart, Liszt, Roussel. 9:00 a.m. (KUER-FM)

New recordings. 3:00 p.m. (KUER-FM)

Sports:

World Cup Skiing Competition continues at Park City Ski Resort. For info call 649-8111.

Basketball, BYU vs. Siena, Marriott Center, 7:35 p.m.

Saturday, November 25

Theatre:

"A Christmas Carol," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"The Other Wise Man," City Rep, 7:30 p.m.

"The Dreambuilder," Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/l.D., 378-7447

"Tintypes," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/l.D., 378-7447

"The Foreigner," Egyptian Theater, Park City, 8:00 p.m., Ticket info: 649-9371

Music:

Temple Square Concert Series: Madison High School Bel Cantos, 7:30 p.m., Assembly Hall, SLC
 Utah Symphony, 8:00 p.m. (KBVU-FM)

Ballet:

"The Nutcracker," USU's Chase Fine Arts Center, 1:00 and 7:30 p.m. Tickets \$5.00

Sports:

World Cup Skiing Competition continues at Park City Ski Resort. For info call 649-8111.

Basketball, BYU vs. Eastern Washington, Marriott Center, 7:35 p.m.

Sunday, November 26

T.V.:

"A Tale of Two Cities," a Masterpiece Theatre presentation, 9:00 p.m., channel 7, part 2 of 4

Theater:

"The Foreigner," Egyptian Theater, Park City, 7:00 p.m., Ticket info: 649-9371

Sports:

World Cup Skiing Competition continues at Park City Ski Resort. For info call 649-8111.

Monday, November 27

Theatre:

"Tintypes," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 4:00 p.m.,

Tickets: \$4.00 w/l.D., 378-7447

"A Christmas Carol," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"The Other Wise Man," City Rep, 7:30 p.m.

Music:

Faculty Chamber Recital, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Free!

Ballet:

"The Nutcracker," USU's Chase Fine Arts Center, 7:30 p.m. Tickets \$5.00

T.V.:

"Joseph Campbell & the Power of Myth: The Hero's Adventure," 10:00 p.m., Channel 7, part 1 of 6

Lecture:

"Time Management," 12:00 p.m., "Self-Esteem — The Power Within," 1:00 p.m., 151A SWKT

Tuesday, November 28

Theatre:

"A Christmas Carol," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"The Dreambuilder," Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/l.D., 378-7447

"The Unsinkable Molly Brown," starring Debbie Reynolds, Capitol Theatre, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$25.00-\$34.00, 533-6494

"Tintypes," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/l.D., 378-7447

Music:

Organ Recital Series, JSB Auditorium, 12:00 noon, Free

BYU Faculty presents Viennese Chamber Music, Madsen Recital Hall, 7:30 p.m., FREE!

T.V.:

"Joseph Campbell & the Power of Myth: The Message of the Myth," 10:00 p.m., Channel 7, part 2 of 6

Lecture:

"Test-Taking Without Anxiety," 11:00 a.m., "Dating," 12:00 p.m., 151A SWKT

Wednesday, November 29

Theatre:

"Tintypes," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/l.D., 378-7447

"The Unsinkable Molly Brown," starring Debbie Reynolds, Capitol Theatre, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$25.00-\$34.00, 533-6494

"A Christmas Carol," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

Music:

Wind Symphony, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Free!

Guitar Ensemble, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Free!

T.V.:

"Wilderness: Utah's Great Debate," the issues of preservation/development, 8:00 p.m., Channel 7

"Joseph Campbell & the Power of Myth: The First Storytellers," 10:00 p.m., Channel 7, part 3 of 6

Thursday, November 30

Theatre:

"Tintypes," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/l.D., 378-7447

"The Unsinkable Molly Brown," starring Debbie Reynolds, Capitol Theatre, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$25.00-\$34.00, 533-6494

"A Christmas Carol," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

Music:

Faculty Jazz Quartet, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Free!

Temple Square Concert Series, Ralph Woodward Chorale and Orchestra, "Messiah," Assembly Hall, SLC, 7:30 p.m., Free!

Organ Recital Series, JSB Auditorium, 12:00 noon, Free

Friday, December 1

Theatre:

"The Unsinkable Molly Brown," starring Debbie Reynolds, Capitol Theatre, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$28.00-\$37.00, 533-6494

"Tintypes," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/l.D., 378-7447

"A Christmas Carol," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"That Wonderful Disney Music!" City Rep, 7:30 p.m.

Music:

Choral Christmas Concert, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7444

Utah Symphony, Beach, Vaughan Williams, Boulanger,

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Nov. 28-30 "Casablanca"

Dec. 1-4 "Shoot to Kill"

Varsity II:

7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

Dec. 1-4 "The Land Before Time"

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International Cinema:

Tues., Wed., Fri. & Sat.—They Caught the Ferry, My Favorite Season, Story of a Mother - call 378-4636 for times.

Beethoven, Symphony Hall, 7:30 p.m.

Trombone Recital, Bryce Mecham, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 6:00 p.m., Free!

Saturday, December 2

Theatre:

"The Unsinkable Molly Brown," starring Debbie Reynolds, Capitol Theatre, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$28.00-\$37.00, 533-6494

"Tintypes," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/l.D., 378-7447

"The Other Wise Man," City Rep, 2:00 p.m.

"That Wonderful Disney Music!" City Rep, 7:30 p.m.

Music:

Choral Christmas Concert, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7444

Utah Symphony, Beach, Vaughan Williams, Boulanger, Beethoven, Symphony Hall, 7:30 p.m.

Piano Recital, Sheri Jensen, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 6:00 p.m., Free!

Sunday, December 3

T.V.:

"A Tale of Two Cities," a Masterpiece Theatre presentation, 9:00 p.m., channel 7, part 3 of 4

Editors' Choices.

Utah Symphony scores again with The Academy of St. Martin in the Fields, conducted by none other than Neville Mariner, Wed., Nov. 22, Symphony Hall

JB's scores again with their Thanksgiving Dinner special! If you find yourself homesick on the twenty-third, JB's is ready to make your Thanksgiving Day a special one.

Grunts and Postures (561 W 200 South) One-of-a-kind Christmas sale, through Dec. 23. Laurie Moore will be leading the SR caravan to "Grunts" this year.

Claudio Arrau plays Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4, Philadelphia Orchestra, Riccardo Muti conducting. 9:00 p.m. (Ch. 11)

Woody Allen's "Crimes and Misdemeanors," Crossroads Cinemas, 55 W South Temple, SLC, Daily at 2:15, 4:45, 7:15, 9:30 p.m.

ART BOX

The Secured Gallery, HFAC, Ed Maryon, U of U art professor, recent works, weekdays 9:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m., extended hours to 9:00 p.m., Tues.-Thurs., through Dec. 29

B.F. Larsen Gallery, HFAC, Christmas Art Exhibit, daily 7:00 a.m.-10:00 p.m., through Dec. 29

The Logo Gallery, Pioneer Mem. Theatre, U of U
Pierpont Gallery (156 W. Pierpont Ave., 363-4141)

Hanson Planetarium, 15 S. State, SLC, "Horizons in Space: A Photographic Adventure," through Dec. 1

Springville Museum of Art, 126 E. 4th S., Springville, Tues.-Sat.

Kimball Art Center (Park City) Paintings by Diane Balaban and Zion Canyon Workshop artists, through Jan. 3

Southwest Shop (914 e 900 South, 531-8523) handmade paper art by Mary Ann Parlin, through Dec. 2

Utah Designer Craftsmen Gallery (38 W 200 South, 359-2770) Holiday show through Dec. 23

Gayle Weyher Gallery (167 S. Main, 643-1630) Christmas show. Party Nov. 24, 7-9 p.m.

Dooly Gallery (530 Main Street, Park City, 645-9550) "Jump for Joy", Recept. Nov. 25, 6-10 p.m.

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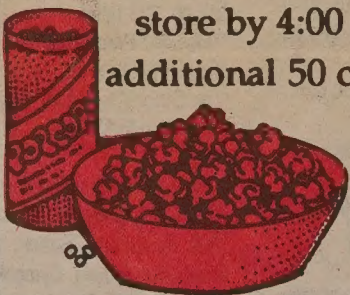
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